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SIR SIDNEY SMITH.\*

A GLANCE at the history of European fleets would give, perhaps, the highest conception of human powers in the whole progress of mankind. Philosophy, literature, and legislation, of course, have attained illustrious distinctions. But the naval service combines everything: personal intrepidity, the strongest demand upon personal resources, the quickest decision, the most vigorous exertion of manual and mechanical skill, the sternest hardihood, and the most practical and continual application of science.

The unrivalled triumph of human invention is the instrument by which all those powerful qualities are brought into play: a ship of the line, with all its stores, its crew, and its guns on board, is the wonder of the world. What must be the dexterity of the arrangement by which a thousand men can be victualled, at the rate of three meals a day, for four months; a thousand men housed, bedded, clothed, and accoutred; a battery of a hundred and twenty guns—the complement of an army of fifty thousand men, and two or three times the weight of field-guns—fought; this mighty vessel navigated through every weather, and the profoundest practical science applied to her management, through night and day, for years together? No combination of human force and intellectual power can contest the palm with one of those floating castles, of all fortresses the most magnificent, the most effective, and the most astonishing.

The history of the British navy, in its present form, begins with that vigorous and sagacious prince, Henry VII., who was the first builder of ships, calculated not merely for the defence of the coast, but as an establishment of national warfare. The strong common-sense of his rough, but clear-headed son, Henry VIII., saw the necessity for introducing order into the navy; and he became the *legislator* of the new establishment. He first constructed an admiralty, a trinity-board for the furtherance of scientific navigation; appointed Woolwich, Deptford, and Portsmouth as dockyards, and declared the naval service a *profession*.

Elizabeth, who had all the sagacity of Henry VII., and all the determination of his successor, paid especial attention to the navy; and the national interest was the more strongly turned to its efficacy by the preparations of Spain, which was then the paramount power of Europe. When the Armada approached the English shores, she met it with a navy of one hundred and seventy-six ships, manned with fourteen thousand men. And

in that spirit of wise generosity, which always marked her sense of public service, she doubled the pay of the sailor, making it ten shillings a month. The defeat of the Armada gave a still stronger impulse to the popular feeling for the sea; signals were formed into a kind of system, and all the adventurous spirits of her chivalric court sought fame in naval enterprise.

From that period a powerful fleet became an essential of British supremacy; and the well-known struggle of parties, in the time of the unfortunate Charles, began in the refusal of a tax to build a fleet. In the early part of his reign, Charles had built the largest ship of his time, "The Sovereign of the Seas," carrying one hundred guns.

The civil war ruined everything, and the navy was the first to suffer. Cromwell found it dilapidated, but his energy was employed to restore it. Blake, by his victories, immortalized himself, and raised the name of the British fleet to the highest point of renown; and Cromwell, at his death, left it amounting to one hundred and fifty-four sail, of which one third were of the line. The protector was the first who proposed naval estimates, and procured a regular sum for the annual support of the fleet.

The Dutch war, in the reign of Charles, compelled further attention to the navy; and when William ascended the throne, he found one hundred and fifty-four vessels, carrying nearly six thousand guns; but the French still exceeded us by one thousand guns.

In the reigns of George I. and II. the fleet continued to increase in size, strength, and discipline. Much of this was owing to the Spanish and French wars. In the war of 1744 we had taken thirty-five sail of the French line! But the incessant treachery of French politics was soon to be still more strikingly exhibited, and more severely punished.

The revolt of the American colonies stimulated the French government to join the rebels. The hope of doing evil to England has always been enough to excite the hostility of foreigners. France was in alliance with us; but what was good faith to the temptation of inflicting an injury on England! An act of intolerable treachery was committed; France, unprovoked, suddenly sent a fleet and army to the aid of America, and the French war began, to the utter astonishment of Europe.

But there is sometimes a palpable retribution even here. In that war, which was wholly naval on the part of France, her fleets were constantly beaten; and the defeat of De Grasse, in the West Indies, finished the naval contest by the most brilliant victory of the period. Another vengeance

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was reserved for England in Europe. The siege of Gibraltar, if not undertaken directly at the suggestion of France, at least a favorite project of hers, and attended by French officers and princes, became one of the most gallant and glorious defences on record; the besiegers were defeated with frightful loss, and the war closed in a European acknowledgment of English superiority.

But the retribution had not yet wrought its whole work. Rebellion broke out in France. The French troops returning from America had brought back with them republican views and vices. The treaty-breaking court was destroyed at the first explosion; the treaty-breaking ministers were either slain, or forced to take refuge in England; the treaty-breaking king was sent to the scaffold; and the treaty-breaking nation was shattered by civil and foreign war; until, after a quarter of a century of fruitless blood, of temporary successes, and of permanent defeats, the empire was torn in pieces; France was conquered, Paris was twice seized by the allies, and Napoleon died a prisoner in English hands.

The naval combats of the American war had a remarkable result. They formed a preparation for the still more desperate combats of the French naval war. They trained the English officers to effective discipline; they accustomed the English sailors to victory, and the French to defeat; and the consequence was, a succession of English triumphs and French defeats in the war of 1793, to which history affords no parallel.

The French republican declaration of war was issued on the memorable first of February, 1793. Orders were instantly sent to the ports for the fleet to put to sea. Such was its high state of preparation, that almost immediately fifty-four sail of the line, and a hundred and forty-six smaller vessels, were ready for sea. The republican activity of France had already determined on contending for naval empire; and a fleet of eighty-two sail of the line were under orders, besides nearly as many more on the stocks. But all was unavailing. The defeats suffered in the ten years previous to the peace of Amiens in 1803, stripped France of no less than thirty-two ships of the line captured, and eleven destroyed; and her allies, Holland, Spain, and Denmark, of twenty-six of the line, with five hundred and nineteen smaller ships of war taken or destroyed, besides eight hundred and seven French privateers also taken or destroyed. The French had become builders for the English. Of their ships of the line fifty were added to the English navy.

On the recommencement of the war in 1804, the British fleet numbered nearly double that of the enemy; but the French ships were generally larger and finer vessels. It is difficult to understand from what circumstance the French, and even the Americans, seem always to have the superiority in ship-building. Our mechanical skill seems always to desert us in the dockyard.

During the war, our naval armament continued to increase from year to year, until, in 1810, it

had reached the prodigious number of five hundred pennants, of which one hundred were of the line, with one hundred and forty five thousand seamen and marines.

Since the peace, a good deal of attention has been paid to the construction of ships of war. But it appears to have been more successful in the economical arrangement of the interior than in the figure, which is the essential point for sailing. The names of Seppings, Symonds, Hayes, Inman, and others, have attained some distinction; but we have not yet obtained any certain model of a good sailing ship. Some vessels have succeeded tolerably, and others have been total failures, though built on the same stocks and by the same surveyor. Yet the strength, the stowage, and the safety, have been improved. It is rather extraordinary that government has never offered a handsome reward for the invention of the best sailing model; as was done so long since, and with such effect, in the instance of the time-keepers. Five thousand pounds for a certain approach to the object, and five thousand more for complete success, would set all the private builders on the pursuit; and it can scarcely be doubted that they would ultimately succeed. Even now, the private yacht-builders produce some of the fastest sailing vessels in the world; the merchant shipbuilders send out fine ships, of the frigate size, and the private steam-ship builders are unrivalled; while we have continual complaints of the deficiencies of the vessels built in the royal dockyards.

Some of those complaints may be fictitious, and some ignorant; but the constant changes in their structure, and their perpetual repairs, imply inferiority in our naval schools of architecture. The chief attention of the royal dockyards, within these few years, has been turned to the building of large steam-ships, armed with guns of the heaviest calibre. But the attempt is evidently in a wrong direction. The effort to make fighting ships of steamers, ruins them in both capacities. It destroys their great quality, speed; and it exposes them with an inadequate power to the line-of-battle ship. They are incomparable as *tugs* to a fleet, as conveying troops, as outlying vessels, as everything but men-of-war. A shot would break up their whole machinery, and leave them at the mercy of the first frigate that brought its broadside to bear upon them in their helpless condition. In all the trials of the fleet during the last two years, the heavy armed steamers were invariably left behind in a gale, while one of the light steamers ran before every frigate.

We have now two fleets on service, one in the Tagus, and another at Malta; but both are weak in point of numbers, though in a high state of equipment. A few razee guardships are scattered round the coast. Some large steamers remain at Portsmouth and Plymouth ready for service; but, from all accounts, there is nothing of that active and vigorous preparation which ought to be the essential object of the country, while France is menacing us from day to day, while she has an

immense naval conscription, is building powerful ships, is talking of invasion, and hates us with all the hatred of *Frenchmen*. In such emergencies, to think of sparing expense is almost a public crime; and no public execration could be too deep, as no public punishment could be too severe, if neglect of preparation should ever leave us at the mercy of the most mischievous of mankind. But no time is to be thrown away.

Whether we shall be prepared to meet and punish aggression, ought no longer to be left dependent on the will of individuals. The *nation* must bestir itself. It must have meetings, and subscriptions, and musters. We must be ready to give up a part of our superfluities to save the rest. Whether France intends to attack us, without provocation, and through a mere rage of aggression, we know not; but the language of her journals is malignant, and it is the part of wise and brave men to be prepared.

We shall now give an outline of the gallant career of one of those remarkable men, who, uniting courage and conduct, achieved an imperishable name in our naval annals.

William Sidney Smith was born on the 21st of June, 1764. He began his naval career before he was twelve years old. All his family, for four generations, had been naval or military. His great-grandfather was Captain Cornelius Smith. His grandfather was Captain Edward Smith, who commanded a frigate, in which he was severely wounded in an attack on one of the Spanish settlements in the West Indies, where he died shortly after. His father was the Captain Smith of the Guards, whose name became so conspicuous on the trial of Lord George Germaine, to whom he was aid-de-camp at the battle of Minden, and who after that trial retired from the army in disgust. Sir Sidney's uncle was a general, and his two brothers were Lieut. Colonel Douglas Smith, governor of Prince Edward's Island, and John Spencer Smith, who held a commission in the Guards, but afterwards exchanged the service for diplomacy, in which his name became distinguished as an envoy to several continental courts during the war of the revolution. Sir Sidney's mother was the daughter of a Mr. Wilkinson, an opulent London merchant, who, however, seems to have disinherited his daughter from discontent at her match, and left the chief part, if not the entire, of his property to her sister, who was married to Lord Camelford. Sir Sidney was for a few years at Tunbridge School, from which, however, he was withdrawn at an age so early that nothing but strong natural talent could have enabled him to exhibit in after-life the fluency, and even the occasional eloquence, which distinguished his pen. His first rating on the books of the Admiralty was in the *Tortoise*, in June, 1777. In the beginning of the next year he was appointed to the *Unicorn*, and began his career by a gallant action, in which his ship captured an American frigate. He was then but fourteen. In 1779 he joined the *Sandwich*, the flag-ship of Rodney, in which he was

present at the victory obtained over the Spaniards in the next year.

Those were stirring times. In the same year he was appointed lieutenant of the *Alcide*. And in this ship he was present at Graves' action with the French, off the Chesapeake.

In the following year he was in the greatest naval action of the war—the famous battle of the 12th of April, 1782, off the Leeward Islands, when Rodney defeated the French fleet, commanded by the Comte de Grasse. In the following May, he was appointed to the command of the *Fury* sloop, by Rodney; and in the October following was promoted to the rank of captain into the *Alcmene*, having been on the list of commanders only five months.

Thus he was a captain at the age of eighteen! The war was now at an end; his ship was paid off, and he went to reside at Caen, for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of the French language. There he spent a well-employed and agreeable time. Many of the French families of condition resided in the neighborhood; and the young captain, having brought letters to the Duc de Harcourt, governor of the province, was hospitably received. The French were then a polished people; they knew nothing of republicanism, and were not proud of their ferocity; they had none of that frantic hatred of England which is the folly and the fashion of our day, and might be regarded as a civilized people. The duke invited him to his country-seat, and there showed him the improvements in his grounds, and introduced him to his visitors.

Like most men destined to distinction, Sir Sidney Smith was constantly preparing himself for useful service, by the acquisition of knowledge. The Mediterranean is naturally presumed to be the great theatre of naval exploits. He obtained leave of absence, and went to the Mediterranean. While at Gibraltar, thinking, from the violent language of the Emperor of Morocco, that there might be a Moorish war, he made a journey along the coast of Morocco, for the purpose of acquainting himself with the condition of its naval force and harbors. Having obtained the necessary information, which obviously required considerable exertion and no slight expense, he stated its results in a manly and intelligent letter to the Admiralty, offering his services in case of hostilities, and suggesting the appointment of a squadron to be stationed outside the Straits, for the prevention of any naval enterprise on the part of the Moors.

Among the most accessible ports, he mentions Mogadore, which, as not being a bar harbor, is easily approachable by ships of force; and though the works contained many guns, yet they were so ill-placed, that in all probability they could not resist an attack. We recollect that the cannonade of this town was one of the exploits on which the Prince de Joinville plumed his heroism, and of which all France talked as if it were the capture of a second Gibraltar.

The same spirit of inquiry and preparation for probable service led him to Sweden, during the



war of the brave and unfortunate Gustavus with the Empress Catherine.

We may pause a moment on the memory of one of the most remarkable princes of his time. Gustavus, born in 1746, in 1771 ascended the throne of Sweden, on the death of his father Frederic.

The Swedish nobility were poor, and affected a singular habit of following the fashions of France, of whose government, probably, the chiefs of their body were pensioners. The lower orders were ignorant, and probably not less corrupted by the gold of Russia. Gustavus found his throne utterly powerless between both—a states-general possessing the actual power of the throne, and even that assembly itself under the control of a Russian and a French faction, designated as the hats and caps. Gustavus, a man of remarkable talent, great ardor of character, and much personal pride, naturally found this usurpation an insult, and took immediate means for its overthrow. He lost no time; his first efforts were exerted to attach the national militia to his cause. When all was ready, the explosion came. The governor of one of the towns suddenly issued a violent diatribe against the states-general. The king was applied to to punish the contumacious rebel. He instantly sent a large military force, with his brother at its head, to punish the governor. By secret instructions it joined him. The plan was now ripening. In all that follows, we are partly reminded of Charles I., of Cromwell, and of Napoleon. Like Charles, the king entered the assembly of the states and demanded some of the members. Like Napoleon, he had the regiments of the garrison ready on parade, and rushing out of the assembly, he was received by the troops with shouts. The oath of allegiance was renewed to him with boundless acclamation. Several of the chiefs of the states-general were immediately put under arrest, and the whole body were completely intimidated. On the next day, the states-general were once more invited to assemble. The king, at the head of his military staff, like Cromwell, entered the hall, and presented them with the "new constitution." The troops had already settled the question. On its being put to the vote of the assembly, a majority appeared in its favor. The states-general sank into a cipher, and the revolution was triumphant.

The new constitution had given great joy to the people, long disgusted with the arrogance of the states-general. But the nobles, whose powers had been curtailed, nourished a passion for vengeance. The war of 1788 with Russia, in which the finances of the kingdom began to be severely pressed, gave them the opportunity. The states still existed; and the disaffected nobles influenced their votes, to the extent of refusing the supplies, though the Danes were in the Swedish territory, and actually besieging Gothenburg at the moment. The king must have been undone, but for the patriotism of the mountaineers of Dalecarlia; who, if they could not give him money, gave him men. Gustavus, indignant at his palpable injuries, now determined on extinguishing the power which had thus

thwarted him in his career. In 1788, he suddenly arrested the chiefs of the opposition, and introduced a law, still more controlling the power of the nobles. But this act was regarded as doubly tyrannical, and deserving of double vengeance.

On the conclusion of the war within two years after, the malcontents, fearful that the leisure of peace would produce further assaults on their privileges, resolved to take the decision into their own hands.

The period began to be troubled. The French revolution had just broken out, and it had at once filled all the continental sovereigns with alarm, and all the population with vague theories of wealth, enjoyment, and freedom. The King of Sweden, known for his talents, distinguished in war, and loud in his hatred of France and her furies, had been chosen by the allied monarchs to head the invasion of the republic. Whether the councils of the nobles partook more of fear, or hatred, or the hope of political overthrow, can now be scarcely ascertained; but they issued in an atrocious conspiracy against the royal life.

It is remarkable that there is scarcely an instance of conspiracy against the lives of eminent personages, in which the design was not previously discovered, and was successful only through an unwise and contemptuous disregard of the intelligence. This seems to have been the course of things, from the days of Cæsar. The King of Sweden was informed of his danger; and even that the attempt was deferred only until the period of some *fêtes*, to be given at court. But the king, accustomed to danger, and probably refusing to believe in the existence of a crime rare among his countrymen, disdained all measures of precaution, and even appears not to have taken any further notice of the conspiracy. This might have been the conduct of a brave man, but the consequence showed that it was not the conduct of a wise one.

On the 16th of March, 1792, the ball was given; the king appeared among the maskers; he was evidently careless of all hazard, and was conversing with a group, when Ankerstrom, the intended assassin, entered the salle. This traitor had been a captain in the service, but had been dismissed, or had conceived himself to be insulted by the king. Gustavus was pointed out to him by one of the conspirators: he stole behind the king, and fired at his back a pistol loaded with slugs and nails. Gustavus fell mortally wounded, and was carried to his chamber in agony. The assassin coolly walked out of the salle, unobserved in the confusion, but was arrested next day. He was brought to trial, and died the death of a regicide. The chief conspirators were banished. The king languished until the end of the month, when he died, with great firmness and resignation.

On the pistol of Ankerstrom may have turned the fortunes of the French Revolution. Gustavus, a king, a man of military genius, and ardent in all that he undertook, would have escaped all the errors of the Duke of Brunswick. His personal rank would have rendered him independent of the



wavering politics of the allies; his talent would have rectified the obsolete notions of their statesmen; and his spirit of enterprise would have rescued his army from the most fatal of all dangers to an invader—delay. He would have overruled the prejudices of the Aulic council, and the artifices of the Prussian cabinet; and hoisted the allied flag in Paris, before the first levy of the republic could have taken the field.

France can scarcely be regarded as having an army until 1795. The old royal army, though consisting of 180,000 men, was scattered in position and doubtful in principle. The republican levies were yet but peasantry. The King of Sweden, at the head of 150,000 Prussians and Austrians, then the first troops in Europe in point of equipment and discipline, would have walked over all resistance; and France would have been spared the most miserable, and Europe the bloodiest, page of its annals.

The fall of Gustavus was also fatal to his dynasty. His son, Gustavus IV., inheriting his passions without his talents, and quarrelling with his allies without being able to repel his enemies, was expelled from the throne, after a series of eccentricities almost amounting to frenzy. He was arrested in the streets by General Alderkreutz, by order of the diet. His uncle, the Duke of Sudermania, was appointed regent; and, on the king's subsequent abdication, was proclaimed king, by the title of Charles XIII.

On his death, Bernadotte was elected to the throne, which he retained through life;—the solitary instance of permanent power among all the generals of the French empire; but an instance justified by high character, by his acquirement of the throne without crime, and by its possession without tyranny.

There may be no royal road to fame, but there are some habits which naturally lead to it; one of those, activity of spirit, Sir Sidney Smith possessed in a remarkable degree. Wherever anything new or exciting in his profession was to be seen, there he was certain to be. In 1789, the Swedish and Russian fleets were fighting in the Baltic. England was at peace—his ship had been paid off; relaxation, the London balls, the Parisian theatres, rambles through the German watering-places, were before him. Ten thousand idlers of the navy would have enjoyed them all without delay. But the young captain was determined to rise in his profession; and, as the time might come when a Swedish or a Russian war might be on the hands of England herself, he felt that it might be advantageous for an English officer to have some knowledge of the Baltic.

Unluckily, the chief portion of his correspondence in Sweden has been lost. It was very voluminous; but, with all his documents on the subject of his Swedish service, it had been left in Camelford House, to the care of its proprietor, Lord Grenville. The house was subsequently let for the residence of the Princess Charlotte, and the papers were removed to the care of a tradesman

near Cavendish square, whose premises were destroyed by fire, and the MSS. were almost wholly consumed. If there is no other moral in the story, it should at least be a warning to diplomatic and warlike authorship, to apply to the press as speedily as possible.

But, from his Swedish expedition is certainly to be dated the whole distinction of his subsequent career. He might otherwise have lingered through life on half-pay, or have been suffered merely to follow the routine of his profession, and been known only by the navy list.

In 1789, he applied for six months' leave of absence to go to the Baltic, but without any intention to serve. There he was introduced to the King of Sweden, and attracted so much interest by his evident ability and animation of manner, that the king was desirous of fixing him in his service, and of giving him an important command. The temptation was strong, but we need scarcely say, that even if leave were given, it *ought not* to have been accepted. No man has a right to shed the blood of man but in defence of his own country, or by command of his own sovereign. But in the next year he received the following flattering request from the king.

CAPTAIN SIDNEY SMITH.—The great reputation you have acquired in serving your own country with equal success and valor, and the profound calm which England enjoys not affording you any opportunity to display your talents at present, induce me to propose to you to enter into my service during the war, and principally for the approaching campaign.

To offer you the same rank and appointments which you enjoy in your own country, is only to offer you what you have a right to expect; but to offer you opportunities of distinguishing yourself anew, and of augmenting your reputation, by making yourself known in these northern seas as the *élève* of Rodney, Pigot, and Hood, is, I believe, to offer you a situation worthy of them and yourself, which you will not resist; and the means of acquitting yourself towards your masters in the art of war, by extending their reputation, and the estimate in which they are held already here.

I have destined a particular command for you, if you accept my offer, concerning which I will explain myself more in detail when I have your definitive answer. I pray God to have you in his holy keeping. Your very affectionate

GUSTAVUS.

Haga, January 17, 1790.

This showy offer overcame Sir Sidney's reluctance at once; but as he could not enter into the Swedish service without leave from home, he took advantage of the opportunity of bringing home despatches from the minister in Stockholm, and thus became the bearer of his own request. The Duke of Sudermania, the king's second in command, also wrote to him a most friendly letter, entreating of him to return as speedily as possible, and bidding him bring some of his brave English friends along with him.

The offer to him had been the command of the light squadron. Sir Sidney set out on the wings of hope accordingly, and expected to be received

with open arms by the ministers; but he was seriously disappointed in the expected ardor of his reception. It was with extreme difficulty that he could find any one to listen to him. At last he obtained an audience of the Duke of Leeds, who, however, would give no answer until the whole matter had been laid before a cabinet council. The gallant sailor now began to experience some of those trials to which every man in public life is probably subjected, at one time or another. He now determined to wait with patience, and his patience was amply tried. In this state he remained for six weeks, until at last he determined to write to the King of Sweden, proposing to give up his appointment, but stating that he was determined to return to join the Duke of Sudermania as a volunteer. Sir Sidney now offered to be the bearer of despatches to Sweden, but the offer was declined with official politeness. He immediately sailed for Sweden, when the king placed him on board a yacht which followed the royal galley in action.

We must now take leave of this war of row-boats, in which, however, several desperate actions were fought: but though row-boats or galleys were the chief warriors, both fleets exhibited a large number of heavy frigates or line-of-battle ships. Those, however, were scarcely more than buoys, among the narrow channels of the Baltic, obstructed as they were by islands, headlands, and small defensible harbors. Sir Sidney was active on all occasions. In one instance, where an attack on the Russian fleet was proposed, and the objection made by the captains was the difficulty of proceeding by night through the intricate channel, he rode across a neck of land, took a peasant's boat from the shore, sounded the channel during the night, and made himself master of the landmarks, settling the signals with the advanced post on shore.

He was soon after engaged in a desperate action, in which he, with his little troop, having been abandoned by the divisions ordered to attack on other points, was beaten, after a most gallant resistance.

But the king knew how to feel for brave men, however unlucky, and sent him a complimentary letter, on the gallantry and zeal which "he had the faculty of communicating to those who accompanied him." The king, in several communications, remarks on this quality of exciting the spirit of activity and enterprise in others, which seems to have been Sir Sidney's characteristic in almost every period of his naval career; and which doubtless proceeded from peculiar ardor and animation in himself.

The war closed by an armistice and treaty, in 1792. But Sir Sidney then received the reward of his gallant zeal, in his investiture with the Grand Cross of the Swedish Order of the Sword, by George III. himself; which we believe to have been an unusual distinction in the instance of foreign orders, and to have been at the request of the late King of Sweden.

Though Sir Sidney Smith had apparent reason

to complain of the coldness of his reception on his first return to England, it is evident that his conduct in Sweden had attracted the attention of ministers. As a simple English captain, attracting the notice of the most warlike monarch of Europe, evidently holding a high place in his confidence, offered a distinguished command, and receiving one of the highest marks of honor that could be conferred by Gustavus, he was regarded as having done honor to his country. But we have heard from those who were intimate with him in early life, that he was also a remarkably striking personage in person and manners; his countenance singularly expressive, his manner full of life, and his language vivid and intelligent. His person was then thin and active, which in after-life changed into heaviness and corpulency—a most complete transformation; but if the countenance had lost all its fire, it retained its good sense and its good nature.

From an early period of the revolutionary war, the eyes of France had been turned on Egypt, a country which the extravagant descriptions of Savary had represented as capable of "being turned into a terrestrial paradise, if in possession of France." There her men of science were to reveal all the mysteries of the Pyramids, her philosophers were to investigate human nature in its most famous cradle, her soldiers were to colonize in patriarchal ease and plenty; and even her belles and beaux were to luxuriate in gilded galleys on the waters of the inscrutable Nile, and revel in painted palaces in the shade of tropical gardens, and bowers that knew no winter! Further collision with England led to further objects; and in time, when the republic had assumed a shape of direct hostility with all Europe, with England at its head, the seizure of Egypt tempted France in another form, as the first step to the conquest of India.

But long before this period, the sagacity of the English cabinet had seen the probable direction of French enterprise, and felt the necessity of obtaining all possible information relative to the coasts of Asiatic Turkey and Syria. For this important purpose Sir Sidney Smith was chosen, and sent on a secret mission to Constantinople; partly, perhaps, from the circumstance that his brother, Mr. Spencer Smith, who was then our ambassador there, would communicate with him more advantageously than with a stranger; but undoubtedly much more for his qualifications for a service of such interest and importance.

Nothing is left of those memorials, further than a few notes of the expenses of his journeys; from which he appears to have examined the coasts of the Black Sea, the Bosphorus, the Dardanelles, the Archipelago, and the Ionian Islands. But he was now to distinguish himself on a higher scene of action.

In September, 1793, the officers of the French navy at Toulon, and the chief inhabitants, disgusted with the revolution, and alarmed by the cruelties of the revolutionary tribunals, hoisted the

white flag, and proposed to Lord Hood, commanding the British squadron off the coast, that he should take possession of the city and shipping, in the name of Louis XVII.

It must be confessed, that there never was a great military prize more utterly thrown away, nor an effort of loyalty more unlucky. The whole transaction only gives the lesson, that what the diplomatists call "delicacy" is wholly misplaced when men come to blows, and that in war promptitude is everything. The first act of Lord Hood ought to have been to remove the fleet, strip the arsenals, and send the whole to England, there to be kept secure for its rightful king. The next ought to have been, to give every inhabitant the means of escaping to some safer quarter, with his property. The third ought to have been, to garrison the forts with every soldier who could be sent from Gibraltar and England; from which we could have sent 50,000 men within three weeks. Toulon then might have been made the stronghold of a loyal insurrection in the south, and the garrison of all the foreign troops, which the French princes could muster.

Not one of these things was done. The ships were left until the last moment, through "delicacy" to the people; the people were left to the last moment, through a perilous confidence in the chances of war; and Toulon was lost by an attack of ragamuffins, and the battery of Lieutenant Bonaparte, which an English regiment would have flung into the sea, and sent its commandant to an English prison.

But, even in the midst of these instances of ill-luck, Sir Sidney Smith made himself conspicuous by his services. When returning from his Mediterranean survey, he happened to stop at Smyrna; and there observing a number of British sailors loitering about the streets, he offered them service; and purchasing a small lateen-rigged vessel, about forty feet long, which he manned with forty sailors, and steering for Toulon, he turned over his little vessel and its crew to Lord Hood.

This was another example of that activity of mind and ready attention to circumstances, which characterized his career. A hundred other officers might have seen those sailors wandering about Smyrna, without thinking of the purchase of a vessel to make them useful to their country; or might have been too impatient to return to England, for a *detour* to Toulon.

Lord Hood, though a brave man, was a dull one, and had all the formality of a formal time. Sir Sidney's gallant volunteering was forgotten, and the defence of Toulon was carried on under every possible species of blundering. At length the enemies' guns began to play from the heights, and the order was given for the fleet to retire. Whether even this order was not premature may still be doubted; for the French batteries, few and weak, could scarcely have made an impression on so powerful a fleet; and the British broadsides might have made it impossible for the enemy to hold the town, especially after all its works had

been dismantled. But the order was given, and was about to be executed, when Sir Sidney asked the question which seems to have occurred to no one else: "What do you mean to do with all those fine ships: do you mean to leave them behind?" Some one called out—"Why, what do you mean to do with them?" The prompt answer was—"Burn them, to be sure." By some chance, the answer reached Lord Hood's ears; he immediately sent for Sir Sidney, and to him, though on half pay, and then irregularly employed, was given this important duty.

The employment was highly perilous, not only from the hazards of being blown up, or buried in the conflagration, but from the resistance of the populace and galley-slaves, besides that of the troops, who, on the retreat of the English, were ready to pour into the town. His force, too, was trifling, consisting only of the little vessel which he had purchased at Smyrna, three British gun-boats, and three Spanish. But the operation was gallantly performed. The stores of the arsenal were set on fire; a fire-ship was towed into the middle of the French fleet, and all was soon one immense mass of flame: perhaps war never exhibited a scene more terribly sublime. Thirteen sail of the line, with all the storehouses, were blazing together. The French, too, began to fire from the hills, and the English gun-boats returned the fire with discharges of grapeshot on the troops as they came rushing down to the gates of the arsenal. All was uproar and explosion.

The most melancholy part of the whole narrative is the atrocious vengeance of the republicans on gaining possession. An anecdote of this scene of horror, and of the especial treachery of Napoleon, is given on the authority of Sir Sidney.

"The royalist inhabitants, or the chief portion of them, had been driven into the great square of the town, and compressed there into one huge mass. Napoleon then discharged his artillery upon them, and mowed them down. But as many had thrown themselves on the ground to escape the grapeshot, and many were only wounded, this villain of villains cried out aloud—'The vengeance of the republic is satisfied, rise and go to your homes.' But the wretched people no sooner stood up than they received another discharge of his guns, and were all massacred. If any one act of man ever emulated the work of the devil, this act, by its mingled perfidy and cruelty, was the one."

It is impossible to read the life of this intrepid and active officer, without seeing the encouragement which it holds forth to enterprise. In this sense it ought to have a part in the recollections of every soldier and sailor of England. Sir Sidney had perhaps rivals by the thousand in point of personal valor and personal intelligence; but the source of all his distinctions was, his never losing sight of his profession, and never losing an opportunity of service. On this principle we may account for every step of his career, and on no other. He appears to have had no parliamentary interest, no ministerial favor, no connection of any



kind which could essentially promote his interest, and even to have been somewhat neglected by admirals under whom he served. But he never lost an opportunity of being present where anything was to be done, and of doing his best. It was this which produced even from the formal English admiral a note of this order, written on the evening of the conflagration—

My dear Sir Sidney—You must burn every French ship you possibly can, and consult the governor on the proper method of doing it, on account of bringing off the troops.

Very faithfully yours,  
Hood.

This was written at three in the afternoon. It would appear that Sir Sidney, in his answer, made some observation with reference to the smallness of the force put under his command. His lordship, in a note dated at six in the evening, thus replied:—

I am sorry you are so apprehensive of difficulty in the service you volunteered for. It *must* be undertaken; and if it does not succeed to my wishes, it will very probably facilitate the getting off the governor and the troops in safety, which is an object. The conflagration may be advantageous to us. No enterprise of war is void of danger and difficulty; both must be submitted to.

Ever faithfully yours,  
Hood.

The remonstrance of Sir Sidney must evidently have been with respect to the inadequacy of preparation, for he remarks—"I volunteered the service under the disadvantage of there being no previous preparation for it whatever;" and the only failure arose from the want of force; for he was unable to burn the ships in the basin; while it argues extraordinary skill and daring, to have effected the burning of the rest with a few gunboats and a felucca.

But this service, executed at the right time, and in the right spirit, immediately fixed upon him the eyes of the fleet; and the admiral, on sending home the despatches from Toulon, made Sir Sidney their bearer. He was received with great attention by ministers; and Lord Spencer, then at the head of the admiralty, particularly complimented him on the promptness and energy of his services at Toulon.

As it was now determined to fit out a light squadron for the purpose of disturbing the enemy's coasts on the channel, Sir Sidney Smith was selected for the command; and he was appointed to the Diamond frigate, with which he immediately made sail for the coast of Holland. This little fleet consisted of thirty-two vessels of various sizes, from the frigate to the gunboat. With this fleet he kept watch on the enemy's harbors, hunted privateers, made landings on the shore, carried off signal-posts, and kept the whole coast in perpetual alarm. One of those services shows the activity and intelligence required on this duty. It being rumored that a French expedition had sailed from Brest, Sir Sidney was ordered to execute the difficult task of ascertaining the state of the harbor.

He disguised his ship so as to look like a French vessel, hoisted French colors, and ran into the road. Unluckily, a large French ship of war was working in at the same time, but which took no notice of him, probably from the boldness of his navigation. At sunset the Frenchman anchored, as the tide set strong out of the harbor, and Sir Sidney was compelled to do the same. He had hoped that, on the turning of the tide, she would have gone up the harbor, but there she lay in the moonlight, a formidable obstacle. The question was now whether to leave the attempt incomplete, or to run the hazard of passing the French line-of-battle ship. The latter course was determined on, and she was fortunately passed. As they advanced up the road, two other ships, one of which was a frigate, were seen at anchor. Those, too, must be passed, and even the dawn must be waited for before a good view of the road could be obtained. The crew were ordered to be silent: the French ships were passed without notice. As morning broke, a full view of the road was obtained, and it was evident that the enemy's fleet had put to sea. The task was performed, but the difficulty was now to escape. On the first attempt to move towards the sea, a corvette, which was steering out in the same direction, began to give the alarm by making signals. The two vessels at anchor immediately prepared to follow, and the line-of-battle ship made a movement so as completely to obstruct the course. There seemed to be now no alternative but to be sunk or taken. These are the emergencies which try the abilities of men, and the dexterity on this occasion was equal to the difficulty. As resistance was hopeless, Sir Sidney tried stratagem. Running directly down to the line-of-battle ship, which he now perceived to be in a disabled state, pumping from leaks and under jury topmasts, he hailed the captain in French, which he fortunately spoke like a native, offering him assistance. The captain thanked him, but said that he required none, as he had men enough; but on this occasion Sir Sidney exhibited a feeling of humanity which did him still higher honor than his skill. As he lay under the stern of the Frenchman he might have poured in a raking fire, and, of course, committed great slaughter among the crew, who were crowded on the gunwale and quarter, looking at his ship. The guns were double loaded, and his crew were ready and willing. But, considering that, even if the enemy's vessel had been captured, it would be impossible to bring her off, and that the only result would be the havoc of life; and, to use the language of his despatch, "conceiving it both unmanly and treacherous to make such havoc while speaking in friendly terms and offering our assistance, I trusted that my country, though it might be benefited in a trifling degree by it, would gladly relinquish an advantage to be purchased at the expense of humanity and the national character; and I hope, for these reasons, I shall stand justified in not having made use of the accidental advantage in my power for the moment."

And even then this act of generosity may not have been without its reward; for the other ships, seeing that he was spoken to by the French vessel, discontinued the pursuit. The exploit was finished, and the harbor was left behind. If he had fired a shot into the exposed line-of-battle ship, he would inevitably have been chased by the others and probably taken. From this period scarcely any of the smaller convoys, conveying ammunition or provisions to the enemy's ports, could escape.

Yet, in the midst of this warlike vigilance and vigor, humanity was not overlooked; the British vessels were forbidden to fire at patrols on shore, and were ordered to spare fishing-boats, villages, and private dwellings.

The winter was spent in hunting along the shore every French flotilla that ventured to peep out. But one action deserves peculiar remembrance, from its mingled daring and *perseverance*. A convoy, consisting of a corvette of 16 guns, four brigs, and two sloops, had been chased into Herqui. As they, of course, were likely to take the first opportunity to escape, Sir Sidney determined not to wait for the rest of his squadron, but to attempt their capture in the Diamond frigate alone. While he was preparing for this adventure, two other armed vessels joined him. The attempt was hazardous, for the bay was fortified. Two batteries were placed on a high promontory, and the coast troops were ready to oppose a landing.

The Diamond dashed into the bay, but the fire from the batteries began to be heavy, and could be returned only with slight effect, from the commanding nature of their position. It was, therefore, necessary to try another style of attack. This was done by ordering the marines and boarders into the boats, and sending them to attack the batteries in the rear. This movement, however, was met by a heavy fire of musketry on the boats, from the troops drawn up to oppose their landing. The frigate, too, was suffering from the fire of the batteries, and the navigation was intricate. At this critical moment Sir Sidney pointed out to Lieutenant Pine, one of his officers, that it might be possible to climb the precipice in front of the batteries! The gallant officer and his men started immediately, landed under the enemy's cannon, climbed the precipice, and made themselves masters of the guns, before the troops on the beach could regain the heights. The frigate continued her fire to check the advance of the troops. The guns were spiked, and the reëmbarkation was effected. It might have been expected that this brilliant little assault could not have been effected without serious loss; but such is the advantage of promptitude and gallantry, that the whole party returned safe, with the exception of one officer wounded.

But the enemy's vessels still remained. To get them out was impossible, for the rocks around were covered with troops, who kept up an incessant fire of musketry. It was, therefore, determined to burn them. The corvette and a merchant ship were set on fire: but the tide falling, the troops poured down close to the vessels and the party in possession of them returned on board.

Here Sir Sidney might have stopped. He had done enough to signalize his own talent and the bravery of his people. But this success was not enough for him. The convoy were still before him, though still under the protection of the troops. He determined on attacking them again. The boats were manned and rowed to the shore. The troops poured in a heavy fire. But the vessels were finally all boarded and burnt, with the exception of one armed lugger.

Enterprises of this order are the true school of the naval officer. They may seem slight, but they call out all the talent and activity of the profession. They might also have had an important influence on the naval war, for these convoys generally carried naval stores to the principal French dock-yards, and the loss of a convoy might prevent the sailing of a fleet.

Lieutenant Pine was sent to the admiralty with the colors which he had captured on the heights, and with a strong recommendation from his gallant captain. The whole affair was regarded in England as remarkably well conceived and well done. The exploits of the Diamond were the popular theme, and Sir Sidney rose into high favor with the admiralty and the nation.

These are the opportunities which distinguish the frigate service. An officer in a line-of-battle ship must wait for a general engagement. An officer on land must wait for the lapse of twenty years at least before he can expect the command of a regiment, or the chance of seeing his name connected with any distinguished achievement. But the youngest captain, in command of a frigate, may bring the eyes of the nation upon him. The young lieutenant, even the boy midshipman, by some independent display of intrepidity, may fix his name in the annals of the empire.

But the caprices of fortune are doubly capricious in war. While the captain of the Diamond was receiving plaudits from all sides, the mortifying intelligence arrived that he had fallen into the enemy's hands.

The origin of this casualty was his zeal to capture a lugger, which had done considerable damage among our channel convoys. Its stratagem was, to follow the convoys, until it could throw men on board, then to let the prize continue her course, to avoid attracting the vigilance of the escorting frigate, and, when night fell, to slip off to a French port. Sir Sidney determined to cut short the lugger's career. At length the opportunity seemed to have come. The vessel was discovered at anchor in the inner fort of Havre under a ten-gun battery. The Diamond's boats were instantly manned and armed; but, on the inquiry who was to command, it was found that the first lieutenant was ill and in bed, and the second and third lieutenants were on shore. Sir Sidney then took the command himself. The attacking party proceeded in four boats and a Thames wherry, in which was Sir Sidney, to the pier of Havre, where the lugger lay. It was night, and the vessel was gallantly boarded on both sides at once, the crew of the wherry boarded over

the stern. The Frenchmen on deck were beaten after a short struggle. Sir Sidney, rushing down into the cabin, found the four officers starting from their sleep and loading their pistols. He coolly told them that the vessel was no longer theirs; ordered them to surrender, and they gave up their arms.

But the flood-tide was running strong, and it drove the vessel above the town, there being no wind. At day-light the lugger became the centre of a general attack of the armed vessels of the port. The *Diamond* could not move from want of wind; and, after a desperate resistance of three quarters of an hour, Sir Sidney and his companions were forced to surrender. Six officers and nineteen seamen were taken.

Sir Sidney's capture was a national triumph, and he was instantly ordered to be sent to Paris. No exchange could be obtained; his name was too well known. He was charged with incendiarism for the burning of Toulon; and it was even hinted that his being found so close to Havre was for the purpose of burning the town.

Sir Sidney's imprisonment was at first in the Abbaye, which had been made so infamously memorable by the slaughters of September, 1793. He was afterwards placed in the prison of the Temple. In all probability, the first object was to exhibit him to the Parisians. An English captain as a prisoner was a rare exhibition, and his detention also saved them from the most active disturber of their Norman and Breton navigation. But his confinement was not strict, and he was even suffered occasionally to walk about Paris on giving his parole to the jailer. At length, after various British offers of exchange, which were all rejected by the French, he escaped by a counterfeit order of liberation; and, encountering several hair-breadth hazards, reached Havre, seized a boat, put off, and was taken up at sea by the *Argo* frigate, commanded by Captain Bowen, who landed him at Portsmouth, and he arrived in London in April, 1798, having been in France about two years and a month.

It is sometimes difficult to know, respecting any event, peculiarly in early life, whether it is a misfortune or the contrary. Sir Sidney's capture must have been often felt by him as the severest of calamities, by stopping a career which had already made him one of the national favorites, and had given him promise of still higher distinction. From the command of the *Diamond* to the dreary chambers of the Temple was a formidable contrast; yet the event which placed him there may have been an instance of something more than what the world terms "good luck." If he had remained in command of his frigate, he might have fallen in some of those fights with the batteries and corvettes which he was constantly provoking. But in his French prison he was safe for the time, and yet not less before the public eye. In reality, the sympathy felt for him there, and the fruitless attempts of the admiralty to effect his exchange, kept him more the *lion* than before; and he

returned just in time to be employed on a service of the first importance, and which, by its novelty, adventure, and romantic peril, seemed to have been expressly made for his genius.

The French expedition, under Napoleon, had taken possession of Egypt; the Turks were a rabble, and were beaten at the first onset. The Mamelukes, though the finest cavalry in the world as individual horsemen, were beaten before the French infantry, as all irregular troops will be beaten by regulars. At this period, the object of the ministry was to excite the indolence of the Turkish government to attempt the reconquest of Egypt, and Sir Sidney was appointed to the command of *Le Tigre*, a French eighty gun-ship, which had been captured by Lord Bridport three years before. If it be said that he owed this command in any degree to his having been sent on a mission to Turkey some years before, which is perfectly probable, let it be remembered, that that mission itself was owing to the gallantry and intelligence which he had displayed in his volunteer expedition to Sweden. Sir Sidney's present appointment was a mixture of diplomacy with a naval command; for he was appointed joint-plenipotentiary with his brother Spencer Smith, then our minister at Constantinople. But this junction of offices produced much dissatisfaction in both Lord St. Vincent and Nelson; and it required no slight address, on the part of Sir Sidney, to reconcile those distinguished officers to his employment. However, his sword soon showed itself a more effectual reconciler than his pen, and the siege of Acre proved him a warrior worthy of their companionship. After the siege, Nelson, as impetuous in his admiration as he was in his dislikes, wrote to Sir Sidney the following high acknowledgment:—

MY DEAR SIR,—I have received, with the truest satisfaction, all your very interesting letters, to July. The immense fatigue you have had in defending Acre against such a chosen army of French villains, headed by that arch-villain Bonaparte, has never been exceeded; and the bravery shown by you and your brave companions is such as to merit every encomium which all the civilized world can bestow. As an individual, and as an admiral, will you accept of my feeble tribute of praise and admiration, and make them acceptable to all those under your command?

NELSON.

Palermo, Aug. 20, 1799.

Sir Sidney found the Sultaun willing to exert all the force of his dominions, but wretchedly provided with the means of exertion—a disorganized army, an infant navy, empty arsenals, and all the resources of the state in barbaric confusion. Two bomb-vessels and seven gun-boats were all that he could procure for the coast service. He ordered five more gun-boats to be laid down, waiting for guns from England. But he was soon called from Constantinople. Advice had been received by the governor of Acre, Achmet Pasha, that Bonaparte, at the head of an army of twelve or thirteen thousand men, was about to march on Acre. The position of this fortress renders it the key of the



chief commerce in corn at the head of the Levant, and its possessor has always been powerful. Its possession by the French would have given them the command of all the cities on the coast, and probably made them masters of Syria, if not of Constantinople. Bonaparte, utterly reckless in his cruelties, provided they gained his object, had announced his approach by the following dashing epistle to the Pasha:—"The provinces of Gaza, Ramleh, and Jaffa are in my power. I have treated with generosity those of your troops who placed themselves at my discretion. I have been severe towards those who have violated the rights of war. I shall march in a few days against Acre." His severity had already been exhibited on an unexampled scale. Having taken Jaffa by assault, and put part of the garrison to the sword, he marched his prisoners, to the number of three thousand seven hundred, to an open space outside the town. As they were disarmed in the town, they could make no resistance; and, as Turks, they submitted to the will of fate. There they were fired on, until they all fell! When this act of horrid cruelty was reported in Europe by Sir Robert Wilson, its very atrocity made the honorable feelings of England incredulous; but it has since been acknowledged in the memoir by Napoleon's commissary, M. Miot, and the massacre is denied no longer. The excuse which the French general subsequently offered was, "that many of the Turks had been captured before, and liberated on parole; that having thus violated the laws of war, he could neither take them with him, nor leave them behind." But the hollowness of this excuse is evident. The Turks knew nothing of our European parole; they felt that it was their duty to fight for their Pasha; they might have been liberated with perfect impunity, for, once deprived of arms, and stripped of all means of military movement, they must have lingered among the ruins of an open town, or dispersed about the country. The stronger probability is, that the massacre was meant for the purposes of intimidation, and that on the blood of Jaffa the French flag was to float above the gates of Acre.

It is satisfactory to our natural sense of justice, to believe that this very act was the ruin of the expedition. Ahmet Pasha was an independent prince, and might have felt little difficulty in arranging a treaty with the invader, or receiving a province in exchange for the temporary use of his fortress. But the bloodshed of Jaffa must have awakened at once his abhorrence and his fears. The massacre also excited Sir Sidney's feelings so much, that he instantly weighed anchor, and arrived at Acre two days before the French vanguard. They were first discovered by *Le Tigre's* gun-boats, as the heads of the column moved round the foot of Mount Carmel. There they were stopped by the fire of the boats, and driven in full flight up the mountains.

But another event of more importance occurred almost immediately after. A flotilla was seen from the mast-head of *Le Tigre*, consisting of a

corvette and nine sail of gun-vessels. The flotilla was instantly attacked, and seven struck, the other three escaped, it being justly considered of most importance to secure the prizes, they containing the whole battery of artillery, ammunition, &c., intended for the siege. Previously to his arrival, Sir Sidney had sent Captain Miller of the *Theseus*, a most gallant officer, and Colonel Phelypeaux, to rebuild the walls, and altogether to put the place in a better defensive order. Nothing could be more fortunate than this capture, for it at once gave Sir Sidney a little fleet, supplied him with guns and ammunition for the defence of the place, and, of course, deprived the French of the means of attack in proportion. But it is not to be supposed that Napoleon was destitute of guns. He had already on shore four twelve-pounders, eight howitzers, a battery of thirty-two pieces, and about thirty four-pounders. The siege commenced on the 20th of March, and from that day, for sixty days, was a constant repetition of assaults, the bursting of mines, and the breaching of the old and crumbling walls.

At length Bonaparte, conscious that his character was sinking, that he was hourly exposed to Egyptian insurrection, that the tribes of the Desert were arriving, and that every day increased the peril of an attack on his rear by an army from Constantinople, resolved to risk all upon a final assault. After fifty days of open trenches, the Turkish flotilla had been seen from the walls. The rest deserves to be told only in the language of their gallant defender.

The constant fire of the besiegers was suddenly increased tenfold. Our flanking fire from afloat was, as usual, plied to the utmost, but with less effect than heretofore, as the enemy had thrown up epaulements of sufficient thickness to protect them from the fire. The French advanced, and their standard was seen at daylight on the outer angle of the town, which they had assaulted. Hassan Bey's troops were preparing to land, but their boats were still only halfway to the shore.

It was at this moment that the spirit and talents of Sir Sidney had their full effect. If he had continued to depend on the fire of his boats, the place would have been taken. The French were already masters of a part of the works, and they would probably have rushed into the town before the troops of Hassan Bey could have reached the shore.

This, says the despatch, was a most critical point, and an effort was necessary to preserve the place until their arrival. I accordingly landed the boats at the mole, and took the crews up to the breach, armed with pikes. The enthusiastic gratitude of the Turks, men, women, and children, at the sight of such a reinforcement, at such a time, is not to be described; many fugitives returned with us to the breach, which we found defended by a few brave Turks, whose most destructive weapons were heavy stones.

Djezzar Pasha, hearing that the English were on the breach, quitted his station, where, according to ancient Turkish custom, he was sitting to reward such as should bring him the heads of the enemy, and distributing musket cartridges with his own

hands. The energetic old man, coming behind us, pulled us down with violence, saying, that if anything happened to his English friends, all was lost.

A *sortie* was now proposed by Sir Sidney, but the Turkish regiment which made it was repulsed. A new breach was made, and it was evident that a new assault in superior force was intended.

Bonaparte, with a group of generals, was seen on Cœur-de-Lion's Mount, and by his gesticulation, and his despatching an aid-de-camp to the camp, he showed that he only waited for a reinforcement. A little before sunset, a massive column was seen advancing to the breach with solemn step. The Pasha now reverted to his native style of fighting, and with capital effect. His idea was, *not* to defend the breach this time, but to let a certain number in, and then *close with them*, according to the Turkish mode of war. The column thus mounted the breach unmolested, and descended from the rampart into the Pasha's garden, where, in a very few minutes, the most advanced among them lay headless; the sabre, with the addition of a dagger in the other hand, proving more than a match for the bayonet. In this attack, General Lannes, commanding the assault, was wounded, and General Rambaut, with a hundred and fifty men, were killed. The rest retreated precipitately.

Bonaparte will, no doubt, renew the attack, the breach being perfectly practicable for fifty men abreast! Indeed, the town is not, nor ever has been, defensible by the rules of art. But, *according to every other rule, it must and shall be defended*. Not that it is worth defending, but we feel that it is by this breach Bonaparte means to march to further conquest.

"It is on the issue of this conflict that depends the opinion of the multitude of spectators on the surrounding hills, who wait only to see how it ends, to join the victor. And with such a reinforcement for the execution of his well-known projects, Constantinople, and even Vienna, must feel the shock.

The siege continued, perhaps as no other siege ever continued before; it was a succession of assaults, frequently by night. From the 2d of May to the 9th, there were no less than nine of those assaults! In another letter he writes:—

Our labor is excessive; many of us, among whom is our active, zealous friend, Phelypeaux, have died of *fatigue*. I am but half dead; but Bonaparte brings fresh troops to the assault two or three times in the night, while we are obliged to be always under arms. He has lost the flower of his army in these desperate attempts to storm, as appears by the certificates of service which they had in their pockets, and eight generals.

From this period the desperation of Bonaparte was evident. Besides the eight generals killed, he had lost eighty officers, all his guides, carabineers, and most of his artillery men—in all, upwards of four thousand soldiers. But the desperation was in vain. All the assaults were repulsed with slaughter. The French grenadiers mounted the breach, only to be shot or sabred. At length, the division of Kleber was sent for. It had gone to the fords of the Jordan to watch the movements of the Turkish army, and had acquired distinction in the Egyptian campaign by the character of its general, and by its successes against the irregular horse of the desert. On its arrival, it was instantly

ordered to the assault. But the attempt was met with the usual bravery of the garrison; and Kleber, after a struggle of *three hours*, was repulsed. All was now hopeless on the part of the enemy. The French grenadiers absolutely refused to mount to the assault again. Bonaparte was furious at his failure, but where force was useless, he still had a resource in treachery. He sent a flag of truce into the town to propose an armistice for the burial of the dead, whose remains were already poisoning the air. This might naturally produce some relaxation of vigilance; and while the proposal was under consideration, a volley of shot and shells was fired. This was the preliminary to an assault. It, however, was repulsed; and the Turks, indignant at the treachery, were about to sacrifice the messenger who bore the flag. But Sir Sidney humanely interposed, carried him to his ship, and sent him back to the French general with a message of contempt and shame.

Retreat was now the only measure available, and it began on the night of the 20th of May. The battering-train of twenty-three pieces was left behind. The wounded and field-guns had been suddenly embarked in country vessels, and sent towards Jaffa. Sir Sidney put to sea to follow them, and the vessels containing the wounded, instead of attempting to continue their flight, steered down at once to their pursuers, and solicited water and provisions. They received both, and were sent to Damiatta. "Their expressions of gratitude were mingled with execrations against their general, who had thus," they said, "exposed them to perish.

As the garrison was without cavalry, the pursuit of the flying enemy could not be followed with any decisive effect. But the gun-boats of the English and Turks continued constantly discharging grapeshot on them, so long as they moved within reach of the shore, and the Turkish infantry fired on them when their march turned inland. Their loss was formidable; the whole tract, between Acre and Gaza, was strewn with the bodies of those who died either of fatigue or wounds. At length two thousand cavalry were put in motion by the Turkish governor of Jaffa, making prisoners all the French who were left on the road, with their guns; and nothing but the want of a strong body of fresh troops to fall on the enemy seems to have prevented the capture of every battalion of that army, which, but two months before, had boasted of marching to Constantinople.

It ought to be remembered, as the crowning honor to his human honors, that the man who had gained those successes, was not forgetful of the true source of all victories which deserve the name. Sir Sidney had gone to Nazareth, and there made this expressive memorandum:—

I am just returned from the Cave of the Annunciation, where, *secretly and alone*, I have been returning thanks to the Almighty for our late wonderful success. Well may we exclaim, "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

W. S. S.

It may naturally be presumed that the whole progress of the siege had interested the fleet and army of England in the highest degree. There had been nothing like the defence of Acre in all the history of European war. A siege is pronounced, by military authorities, to be the *most certain* operation in war; with a fixed number of troops, and a fixed number of guns in the trenches, the strongest place *must fall* within a prescribed time. But here was a town almost open, and with no other garrison, for the first six weeks of the siege, than a battalion of half-disciplined Mussulmans, headed by such men as could be spared from two British ships of war.

The whole defence was justly regarded by the nation, less as a bold military service, than as an *exploit*—one of those singular achievements which are exhibited from time to time, as if to show *how far* intrepidity and talent combined can go; a splendid example and encouragement to the brave never to doubt, and to the intelligent never to suppose that the resources of a resolute heart can be exhausted.

But the siege of Acre did more. It certainly relieved the Sultaun from a pressure which might have endangered his throne. *It may* have saved India from an expedition down the Red Sea, for which the native princes looked, with their habitual hatred of their British masters; and, above all, it told England that her people were as invincible on shore as on the waves, and prepared her soldiery for those triumphs which were to make the renown of the peninsular war imperishable.

On the meeting of parliament in September, 1799, George III. opened the session with an energetic speech, in which the siege of Acre held a prominent part. The speech said, "The French expedition to Egypt has continued to be productive of calamity and disgrace to our enemies, while its ultimate views against our eastern possessions have been utterly confounded. The desperate attempt which they have lately made to extricate themselves from their difficulties has been defeated by the courage of the Turkish forces, directed by the skill, and animated by the courage, of the British officer, with the small portion of my naval force under his command."

In the discussion, a few days after, the thanks of the lords to Sir Sidney Smith, and the seamen and officers under his command, were moved by Lord Spencer, the first lord of the admiralty, in terms of the highest compliment.

His lordship said, that he had now to take notice of an exploit which had never been surpassed, and had scarcely ever been equalled;—he meant the defence of St. Jean d' Acre by Sir Sidney Smith. He had no occasion to impress upon their lordships a higher sense than they had already entertained of the brilliancy, utility, and distinction of an achievement, in which a general of great celebrity, and a veteran and victorious army, were, after a desperate and obstinate engagement, which lasted almost without intermission for sixty days, not only repulsed, but totally

defeated by the heroism of this British officer, and the small number of troops under his command.

Lord Hood said, that he could not give a vote on the present occasion without bearing his testimony to the skill and valor of Sir Sidney Smith, which had been so conspicuously and brilliantly exerted, when he had the honor and the benefit of having him under his command (at Toulon.)

Lord Grenville said, that the circumstance of so eminent a service having been performed with so inconsiderable a force, was with him an additional reason for affording this testimony of public gratitude, and the highest honor which the house had it in its power to confer.

His lordship then adverted to his imprisonment in the Temple. "In defiance of every principle of humanity, and of all the acknowledged rules of war, Sir Sidney Smith had been, with the most cold and cruel inflexibility, confined in a dungeon of the Temple; but the French, by making him an exception to the general usages of war, had only manifested their sense of his value, and how much they were afraid of him." In the house of commons, Mr. Dundas, the secretary of state, after alluding to the apprehensions of the country, the expedition to Egypt, and the memorable victory of Aboukir, said, "that the conduct of Sir Sidney was so surprising to him, that he hardly knew how to speak of it. He had not recovered from the astonishment which the account of the action had thrown him into. However, so it was; and the merit of Sir Sidney Smith was now the object of consideration, and to praise or to esteem which sufficiently, was quite impossible."

The thanks of both lords and commons were voted unanimously; the thanks of the corporation of London and the thanks of the Levant Company were voted, with a piece of plate. The king gave him a pension of £1000 a year for life; and the sultaun sent him a rich pelisse and diamond aigrette, both of the same quality as those which had been sent to Nelson.

We now hasten over a great deal of anxious and complicated correspondence, explanatory of a convention entered into with the French for the evacuation of Egypt. Kleber, indignant at Bonaparte's flight, and his army disgusted with defeat, proposed a capitulation, by which they were to be sent to France. The distinction which Sir Sidney had now attained even with the French army, had made him the negotiator, and all was preparation to embark, when Lord Keith informed him, by orders from home, that the French must surrender as prisoners of war.

The armistice was instantly at an end. The Turks, who with their usual indolence had remained loitering in sight of Cairo, were attacked in force and broken, and all was war again. Sir Sidney's letters deprecate the measure in the strongest terms. And nothing can be clearer than that, though our expedition under Abercrombie was glorious, Sir Sidney's treaty would have saved us the expenditure of a couple of millions of money, and, what was more valuable have spared



the lives of many brave men on both sides ; while the result would have been the same, as it was not our purpose to retain Egypt. Eventually, the French army capitulated in Egypt to Lord Hutchinson, on nearly the terms of the convention of the year before ; and to the amount of about twenty thousand men were sent home in British vessels.

Sir Sidney's reception in England was by acclamation. But we must conclude. He was immediately employed in the defence of the coast, as the threats of invasion came loudly from France. He afterwards sailed to the defence of the Neapolitan territories. He was then sent to the protection of the King of Portugal during the French invasion, and conveyed him and his nobles to the Brazils. Wherever anything bold, new, or active, was required, the public eyes were instantly fixed on him, and they were never disappointed.

After the peace of 1815, he resided chiefly on the continent, and died in Paris on the 26th of May, 1840, aged 76.

The essential merit of this distinguished officer's character was, that his whole heart was in his profession ; that all his views, his acquirements, his leisure, and his active pursuits, were directed towards it ; and that he never lounged or lingered, or lay on his laurels, or thought that " anything was done while anything remained to be done."

It is observable, that all his successes arose out of his indefatigable activity and sincere zeal. If he had stayed dancing or gaming or feasting, a week longer, in Constantinople, he would have only seen Acre in possession of the French. The same principle and the same result existed in every instance of his career. He had his oddities and his fantasies in later life, but all were covered by the knightly spirit, romantic bravery, and public services of his early days. He was the *chevalier* of the noblest navy in the world !

From the Spectator.

#### DR. ELRINGTON'S LIFE OF ARCHBISHOP USSHER.\*

AMONG the great divines of the first and second Stuarts, Archbishop Ussher stands preëminent for the vastness of his learning, the amiableness of his personal character, and the blamelessness of his private life. Like other very amiable persons, however, he was somewhat deficient in the firmness necessary for the public man, especially in the bad age upon which his lot was cast. His submission to the court and to Strafford, in affairs as much lay as clerical, could, however, be upheld as a necessary consequence of his doctrine of passive obedience. The manner in which at various times he leaned towards the views of the Puritans and Presbyterians, especially on the subject of Episcopacy, would either indicate a complying mind under circumstances of outward pressure, or (which

was perhaps the case) that his opinions verged towards heterodoxy ; not, indeed, in questions of doctrine, on whose fundamentals he was perfectly sound, but on matters of discipline and church-government.

Judged by the universal principles of right, Archbishop Ussher's ideas of the ministerial vocation were lax. Although an Irish divine, he occasionally passed long periods of time in England, and perhaps always allowed study to encroach too much upon his time as a ruler of the church. The same feeling probably induced him to be lenient towards abuses, especially where improvement would bear hard upon individuals ; and his amiableness seems to have placed him too much in the hands of those about him, as in the case of his differences with the excellent Bishop Bedell. Great allowances, however, should be made for his age and country. Authority received a reverence in those days of which it is difficult for us to form a conception. Even religious enthusiasm bowed down before " the powers that be" upon all matters except their peculiar case of conscience ; how much more, then, was obedience to be looked for in the member of a church whose leading doctrine was obedience, till James the Second laid his hand upon the liberties and profits of its ministers. The stormy Reformation in England, and its successive changes under Henry, Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth, together with the secular motives which animated many of the reformers, had introduced the grossest practical abuses into the church. Bishoprics and benefices were kept vacant in order that the crown or other patrons might receive the revenues ; bargains were made by which the incumbent agreed to pay a large portion of the incomes to the patron or some nominee ; the man who assented to such an agreement being, of course, a sorry sample of a Christian minister. If these things took place in England with Elizabeth's sense of decorum, and when parliament and public opinion had some weight, what must have been the state of Ireland ? At Ussher's birth (January 1580-81) the country was not conquered, and was not in fact properly subdued till the government of Strafford, (1632, *et seq.*) some years after Ussher had been promoted to the primacy. In a wild country, distracted by barbarian warfare, inhabited by half-savages professing a different religion from that of the Protestant clergyman, and stimulated by persecuted popish priests, " residence" must frequently have been unsafe, and sometimes not possible ; neither, perhaps, was it possible to find a competent body of clergymen to fill livings. Such a state of things must have rendered the public mind callous to what are now thought gross ecclesiastical abuses. From this feeling the best men could not be altogether free ; and if they were they could not find a remedy.

It is from not sufficiently attending to the unavoidable influence of contemporary circumstances upon men, that some later writers have rather depreciated the character of Ussher. That he wanted strength of determination, and that as an archbishop

\* The Life of the Most Reverend James Ussher, D. D., Lord Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland. With an account of his writings. By Charles Richard Elrington, D. D., Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Dublin.

he postponed his administrative duties to his scholastic studies, must probably be granted; but his virtues, in the opinion of his contemporaries, far overbalanced these two defects, and suspended political animosities even in political enemies. Some imagined that he possessed the gift of prophecy. Burnet, in estimating his character, considers his weakness in the "governing function" of the church as a necessary part of his humanity; it "was the only alloy that seemed left, and without which he would have been held perhaps in more veneration than was fitting." The parliament, while they took away his title, allowed to "James Ussher, Doctor in Divinitie," 400*l.* a year, when the disturbances in Ireland had deprived him of his revenues; although the pension does not seem to have been very punctually paid. Cromwell professed for him the greatest respect and regard; and on Ussher's death, in 1656, forbade the family preparations for his funeral, alleging that he could only be buried in Westminster Abbey with a public ceremony.\* Ussher's staunch opposition to popery might in part be the cause of the favor with which sectarians regarded him. In this he certainly was not beyond his age, but indeed behind some part of it. When Bishop of Meath, he preached a sermon before the lord-lieutenant on his investiture—"receiving the sword"—from the text, "He beareth not the sword in vain." The hortatives in this discourse were considered to be of so persecuting a tendency, that a great outcry was raised against him; the primate wrote him a severe letter, and the bishop had to preach an explanatory sermon.

As a scholar, Ussher's learning was vast, but rather extensive than various; for although he mastered many languages, it was only with one object; and his experience landed him in the conclusion, that except the Hebrew the profit derived from studying the Oriental tongues was not a sufficient reward for the labor. His studies were confined to biblical and patristic literature, and ecclesiastical antiquities; in the knowledge of which he appeared in the first rank, if not alone. His chronology of the Bible stands in juxtaposition with the original authorities. He read through the *whole* of the Fathers, to ascertain whether the papistical assertion was correct as to the antiquity of the Romish church; on which task he was employed for eighteen years. In ecclesiastical antiquities, especially British and Irish, he was extensively and profoundly skilled. Like many other men of vast acquirements, however, he wanted the ability to use what he possessed. He was deficient in the sublimating power of his great antagonist Milton, to separate the essential spirit of things from their grosser parts, and in the vital genius to animate them. His chronology, reducible to the tabular form, is almost as widely spread as

the study of the Bible; but the greater portion of his works are store-houses of materials, or they treat of subjects whose interest is limited to few. Hence, he is rather known to the world as a learned man than as supplying the world with knowledge—his learning rather furnished results to others than to himself.

Dr. Elrington's *Life of Archbishop Ussher* was originally undertaken as an introduction to the collected edition of his works, which is now in the course of completion; and it is published separately, under the just idea that many persons would wish to have the biographical memoir alone. This life is scholarly—full in matter and close in style; but rather too ecclesiastical for general readers. The man is lost sight of in the clergyman and the scholar. Dr. Elrington does not, of course, fall into the prevailing literary fashion, and stuff his book with accounts of events only contemporary to the archbishop; but, biographically speaking, he enters too minutely into public events of a clerical kind, in which the archbishop was concerned. The analytical notice of Ussher's principal publications is useful either as an introduction to the collected works or as a summary for a general reader; but the subjects are professional and limited. The kind of book we are describing was no doubt designed, and Ussher's life is chiefly to be found in his labors; but an arrangement by which the account of his writings would have been presented by themselves, with a little more of skill in the selection, and of animation in the presentation of personal traits, would have imparted greater interest to the memoirs.

Perhaps the times of Archbishop Ussher are almost as clearly indicated as he is himself, at least as a man. He came early before the public, and from his reputation and position was connected with persons of the highest dignity; so that the narrative of his life frequently introduces the reader into what the late Mr. D'Israeli has been ridiculed for calling "secret history." In the following we have James the First instructing his newly-appointed Bishop of Meath as to how he should handle the house of commons before whom he was to preach. The account is by Ussher himself:—

I was appointed by the lower house of parliament to preach at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The prebends claimed the privilege of the church and their exemption from episcopal jurisdiction for many hundred years, and offered their own service; whereupon, the house being displeased, appointed the place to be at the Temple. I was chosen a second time, and Secretary Calvert, by the appointment of the house, spake to the king, that the choice of their preacher might stand; the king said, it was very well done. February 13, being Shrove Tuesday, I dined at court; and betwixt four and five I kissed the king's hand, and had conference with him touching my sermon. He said, "I had charge of an unruly flock to look to next Sunday." He asked me how I thought it could stand with true divinity, that so many hundred should be tyed upon such a short warning to receive the communion upon a day. All could not be in charity after so late contentions in the house; many must needs

\* The disfavorers of Cromwell assert that he left the family to pay the greater part of the expenses. This statement, however, does not appear to be strictly accurate: Cromwell ordered a public funeral and an issue of 200*l.* towards it; so that the excess is what fell upon the family.

come without preparation, and eat their own condemnation; that himself required all his own household to receive the communion, but not all the same day, unless at Easter, when the whole Lent was a time of preparation. He bade me to tell them I hoped they were all prepared, but wished they might be better; to exhort them to unity and concord; to love God first, and then their prince and country; to look to the urgent necessities of the times and the miserable state of Christendom, with *Bis dat qui cito dat*. February 18th, the first Sunday in Lent, I preached in St. Margaret's to them; and February 27th, the house sent Sir James Perrot and Mr. Drake to give thanks, and to desire me to print the sermon, which was done accordingly; the text being upon the First of the Cor. x. 17. "For we being many are one bread and one body, for we are all partakers of that one bread."

The following passage exhibits Ussher in his old age, in an interview with Cromwell, when the protector had forbidden the clergymen of the Church of England to exercise any part of their ministerial functions or to teach in a school:—

Many of the clergy in London and its neighborhood, hearing that Cromwell professed great respect for Archbishop Ussher, entreated him to wait upon the protector and endeavor to procure for them the same liberty of conscience which he granted to all classes of dissenters; to solicit permission, as they were excluded from the public churches, to officiate in their own private congregations; and to be secured from the disturbance of the soldiers, who interrupted their service and insulted their persons. The archbishop complied, and prevailed so far as to obtain a promise that the episcopal clergy should not be molested, provided they did not interfere with subjects relating to the government. The primate went a second time to get the promise confirmed and put in writing. He found the protector under the hands of his surgeon, who was dressing a boil on his breast. The protector requested the primate to sit down, and that he would speak with him as soon as the dressing was completed. Upon this a very remarkable conversation ensued. Cromwell addressed the primate, and said, pointing to the boil, "If this core were once out, I should be soon well." The archbishop replied—"I doubt the core lies deeper; there is a core in the heart, which must be taken out, or else it will not be well." "Ah!" replied the protector, "so there is indeed." And, though he affected to be unconcerned, a sigh followed his words. When the primate introduced the subject of his visit, Cromwell told him, that having more maturely considered the subject, he had been advised by his council not to grant any indulgence to men who were restless and implacable enemies to his person and government; and then dismissed him with professions of civility and kindness. The aged archbishop returned to his lodgings in great agitation, and deeply lamented the ill success of his interference. Dr. Parr relates that he visited the primate soon after in his chamber, and heard from him words to the following effect—"This false man hath broken his word with me, and refuses to perform what he promised. Well, he will have little cause to glory in his wickedness, for he will not continue long; the king will return; though I shall not live to see it, you may. The government, both in church and state, is in confusion: the Papists are advancing their projects, and making such advantages as will hardly be prevented."

The Primate of Ireland, after interceding with Cromwell for ejected ministers without success, retired to the country, using this expression to Dr. Gauden, that "he saw some men had only guts and no bowels, intestina non viscera."—*Further Continuation of Friendly Debates*. London, 1670, p. 148.

From the Spectator.

#### THE HENPECKED HUSBAND

Is an ill-considered title; for it not only conveys no notion of the scope of the book, but suggests an idea of its subject which is the reverse of the reality. A "henpecked husband" generally calls up the appearance of a rather feeble-minded if not a foolish person, crouching submissively to the tyranny of something like a virago, and furnishing materials for comedy or farce. Mark Chetwode, the husband in the novel before us, is not a person of this stamp; nor can the character of the tale be accounted comic, but something better. It points the moral of hasty and unequal matches. In carrying out the idea, or rather perhaps in carrying on the story, exaggerations and faults of detail occur, with general repetitions from the common sources of novelists; the staple of the tale may be deficient in that breadth which is necessary for fiction, and overloaded with subordinate and insignificant incidents, while some of the persons are too equivocal to be pleasing; but a leading idea is seized and embodied, and steadily adhered to. Such as nature and circumstances have made the "husband and wife, such they continue. There is no violation of the probability of character to please readers who like persons to "turn out good," no shrinking from the legitimate consequences to make all end happily. The elements are sad—socially tragic; and they are allowed their course. It is this distinct presentation of a leading principle that gives a stamp to *The Henpecked Husband*, despite of matter slight in proportion to the length of the book, and an indifferent moral tone, not in the writer, but in most of the scenes and persons.

The leading story runs thus. Mark Chetwode, a lawyer of retired habits, has quietly lived with his mother till he is turned of thirty. From the isolation of his pursuits, and his ignorance of the female world, he gets entrapped into a marriage with Theresa Dering; whose mother, a friend of Mrs. Chetwode in early life, is an adventurous match-hunter of the worst kind—poor, unprincipled, and needy, but keeping up appearances, and contracting debts, which she expects the future husbands of her daughters to pay. Trained under such a person, Theresa is very badly educated; but even the example of her mother cannot altogether destroy a natural pride and a woman's heart. She is attached to Edward Sydenham; but circumstances forbade marriage, and an accident causes their separation just at a time when the lover inherits a fortune. Theresa, ignorant of this change, consents to marry Chetwode, though her affections are still engaged to her first love. The marriage is unhappy in the extreme; The-



Theresa's pride, self-will, loose notions, and love of society, leading to conduct diametrically opposed to all Chetwode's ideas of propriety and comfort. But though love, a yielding disposition, and the superior strength of his wife's will, induce him to give way to her arts or her demands, it can hardly be said that he is henpecked; and when opportunity and her old affection have placed her in a questionable position as regards Sydenham, Mark Chetwode is firm as adamant. After a half clandestine intercourse, Sydenham addresses a letter to Theresa, suggesting an elopement from a party; the signal of consent being that Mrs. Chetwode should wear a particular ornament. By a necessary though not very natural contrivance, Theresa drops the letter, without reading it; Chetwode picks it up, passes at once to his wife's dressing-room, and seeing the ornament, determines on a separation. A duel ensues; Sydenham is wounded; and though the wound is not immediately, it is eventually fatal. Theresa, accompanied by her mother, wanders listlessly about from place to place; sees her first love, by accident, when he is evidently dying; and some months afterwards she dies too.

We have indicated faults in the book, but the two principal are want of matter and of tone. The studies of the writer would seem to have lain amongst the better novels of the circulating library, or the class of society which they depict. The persons of *The Henpecked Husband* are either singular or questionable, wanting the solidity of the respectable classes, and the breeding and finish of fashionable life. Hence the book flags unless in scenes where there is direct interest in the story, because there is no interest in the manners.

A scene of the deeper kind will best exhibit the writer's powers. We take the one where Mrs. Dering has come over from Paris to get her daughter to pay a budget of bills.

When they were shut up together in cabinet council, Theresa rather impatiently inquired what could have brought her to England just as she and Mr. Chetwode were leaving town.

"You shall see," was all Mrs. Dering said; but from the voluminous folds of her dress, in every gigantic plait of which there appeared to be a pocket for the reception of articles of every degree of magnitude, she soon produced a reply as satisfactory as any words could be.

A handful of papers, some small, but mostly long, narrow, and delicately lined with blue, emerged from the depths; and, laying them down one by one in a file on the table, she exclaimed—"Now you will guess what brought me over!"

The very sight of these papers, which Theresa saw in a moment were every one of them bills, hardened her heart; and, leaning back in her chair with that face of desperate determination which she knew so well how to assume, she said in the coldest of voices—"Thank Heaven, nothing in which I have any concern; for I did not leave a single bill in Paris."

"No, my dear—not in Paris, I allow: these little accounts have nothing whatever to do with Paris—they are small debts contracted by you in England."

"In England!" repeated Theresa in amazement; "what can you mean? Mr. Chetwode was so exceedingly generous to me abroad, that before I employed any dressmaker in town, I made an arrangement that my bills of this year should not come in till next; how then can you possibly call them 'bills contracted by me in England?'"

The faintest tinge of color rose to Mrs. Dering's nose; additional color; for her blushes seemed never to patronize her cheeks, but preferred going where the tint that should have animated them was now established permanently.

"Not since your marriage, my darling—I do not mean since your marriage—I mean before."

It was now Theresa's turn to blush; and the rich red hue that dyed cheek, and brow, and throat, showed her mother that prosperity had refined her feelings, and that a difficult task was before her.

But the mother had less delicacy than the daughter; she did not respect the feelings of shame which thus spoke in Theresa's face, and choked her very utterance; she rattled on, indifferent to the scorn which was settling on the countenance of her child; and explained to her, with the most fluent effrontery, that the bills which she had brought over with her, and which she insinuated that Theresa must pay, were contracted at the different expensive shops in town at which the trousseau of Theresa had been procured!

In silence Theresa listened; in silence she over-looked them; and then, when each had been carefully examined, she exclaimed—"Mamma, I do wonder you are not ashamed!"

The sentence was an outburst of earnest and honest indignation, thrown as it were from her curling lips, with all the fervency of the most utter contempt; but it failed to make due impression on one whom a life of similar acts had rendered callous to public opinion.

Mrs. Dering, on the contrary, laughed; she actually laughed, and said—"Oh, Theresa, marriage has altered you!"

And Theresa, still glowing with vexation, gave vent to a torrent of reproaches.

"How you can possibly come here, mamma! here, where even I am but a guest! how you can come with that array of bills—bills contracted by you, without, I fear, the slightest intention on your part of ever paying them yourself, surpasses my comprehension! Well do I recollect in our young days the many ways and means we resorted to, when such odious letters as these came upon us; but never, never, mother, have you yet stooped to anything like this!"

"My dearest Theresa!" protested Mrs. Dering, "you are dreaming: count these bills up once more—see the sum to which they amount—how could you ever have imagined that out of my small means I could have paid them myself?"

"I did imagine it," retorted her daughter; "and I expected it too: I little thought I should ever have the humiliation of asking my husband to pay for the very clothes in which he married me!"

"Of course I do not expect you to say anything to Mr. Chetwode," said Mrs. Dering hastily; "surely, with your handsome pin-money—"

"With that, mamma, you have nothing to do; you do not know my resources, nor my expenses. Only tell me, how is it you cannot defray these bills?"

"Because I never intended," said the mother, determined not thus to be put down by her child. "I told you before you were married, that if I gave

you a trousseau such as Mr. Chetwode's wife should have, it was not in my power to pay for it: so here are the bills. You must remember my writing that to you, down at Tunbridge Wells."

Theresa considered a moment; and then she had a faint recollection of some letter, saying something about Mr. Keating's insisting on having no bills, and Mrs. Dering's resolution to manage better when it came to Theresa's turn. This she did remember; but she had never dreamt that the sentence "manage better when it came to Theresa's turn" bore this signification.

"And really and truly you cannot pay them?" she said.

"I cannot; they amount to nearly half my yearly income; and I lived on cheese-parings to pay for what Georgy had on her marriage, which was not nearly so much as I bestowed on you."

"Bestowed!" repeated Theresa, in a contemptuous murmur; "a very inappropriate term, mother!"

"It looks very much as if you will make me bestow them," retorted Mrs. Dering, angry in her turn, and inwardly terrified lest Theresa or her husband should decidedly refuse her request. "I tell you honestly, Theresa, if Clémence had not written me a most impertinent and threatening letter, I never would have put myself in this abject position."

Theresa's pride, not her heart, was touched, and she gathered up the papers.

"Not a word more," said she, "not a syllable further, on so odious a subject; I will take the only course which my duty suggests; and that is, I will place these accounts in the hands of my husband—"

"You will ruin me!" cried Mrs. Dering; "you certainly are mad, Theresa! expose me to Mr. Chetwode, when the sole reason that incited me to the extravagance was love for you, and pride in your appearance!"

"All the more likely that you will be forgiven," returned Theresa: "at all events, that is the only course I choose to pursue. The bills amount to £215. I will not stop to inquire of you if I had the lilac glacé silk dress charged by Clémence at eleven guineas—nor this white capote and feathers—not this pèlerine of richest blonde—nor a mantelet de velours—nor several other items which certainly never formed part of my trousseau. Do not speak, mamma! it only makes matters worse;" and, suddenly seizing the papers, Theresa darted out of the room.

Mrs. Dering had not expected her to wind up the conversation in this abrupt manner; and she sat trembling in that quiet little room by herself, alike alarmed at her position and at the probable refusal which Mr. Chetwode might give to aiding and abetting her in what she considered to be the most clever thing she had ever done.

At last, Theresa returned; and her hands, instead of holding the expected check, were empty.

Mrs. Dering nearly dropped; but at last her daughter spoke. "He will pay them, mamma—he has them all ready to settle this afternoon. One thing only he insisted on; and that was, that he should do it himself; and he begged me to tell you, as delicately as I could, that never from this hour—"

"I know—I know," interrupted Mrs. Dering nervously; "not to do it again, you mean. Yes—yes: but I have no more daughters, thank goodness! Was he angry, my dearest?"

"Why ask!" said Theresa bitterly. "Since he has promised to save your credit, and pay the bills, what care you whether he were angry or not? No, mother: but remember, the next time you come to England on such an errand, do come here."

#### BETTER THAN BEAUTY.

My love is not a beauty  
To other eyes than mine:  
Her curls are not the fairest,  
Her eyes are not divine:  
Nor yet like rose-buds parted,  
Her lips of love may be;  
But though she's not a beauty,  
She's dear as one to me.

Her neck is far from swan-like,  
Her bosom unlike snow;  
Nor walks she like a deity  
This breathing world below;  
Yet there's a light of happiness  
Within, which all may see;  
And though she's not a beauty,  
She's dear as one to me.

I would not give the kindness,  
The grace that dwells in her,  
For all that Cupid's blindness  
In others might prefer!  
I would not change her sweetness  
For pearls of any sea;  
For better far than beauty  
Is one kind heart to me.

*Chambers' Journal.*

**NATURAL USES OF HAIR.**—That hair effects an important purpose in the animal economy, we have evidence in its almost universal distribution among the mammiferous class of animals; and if we admit the analogy between the feather and the hair among all warm-blooded animals, additional evidence is obtained in the perfection of its structure, and again in its early appearance in the progress of development of the young. As a bad conductor of heat, it tends to preserve the warmth of the body; and in man it would have that effect upon the head, and serve to equalize the temperature of the brain. It is also a medium of defence against external irritants, as the heat of the sun's rays and the bites of insects, and against injuries inflicted with violence. Of special purposes fulfilled by the hairs, we have instances in the eyebrows and eyelids, which are beautifully adapted for the defence of the organs of vision; in the small hairs which grow in the apertures of the nostrils, and serve as guardians to the delicate membrane of the nose; and in similar hairs in the ear-tubes, which defend those cavities from the intrusion of insects.—*Wilson on the Skin.*

**A GENTLEMAN GROOM.**—"Why did you leave your last place?" said a gentleman to his groom, who presented himself for the service of his cab: "did Captain R. discharge you?" "No." "Was he a bad master?" "On the contrary, a very good one—gave good wages, plenty of liveries, and as much help in the stable as one could want." "Then why leave his service?" "To say the truth, sir, I found it very disagreeable in winter-time at Melton. Captain R. did not belong to the right club, or live in the first set; and then he was so very dull in the tilbury, I really could not stand it."—*Barham's Memoirs.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE INTERCEPTED LETTERS. A TALE OF THE BIVOUAC.

THE green slope of a hill, at the base of a southern spur of the Pyrenees, presented, upon a spring night of the year 1827, a scene of unusual life. The long grass, rarely pressed save by some errant mountain goat, or truant donkey from the plain, was now laid and trodden beneath the feet and hoofs of a host of men and horses; the young trees, neglected by the wood-cutter in favor of maturer timber, resounded beneath the blows of the foraging-hatchet. Up the centre of the hill, an avenue, bare of wood, but not less grass-grown than the other portions of the slope, communicated with the steep and rocky path that zigzagged up the face of the superior mountain. On either side of this road—if such the track might be called, that was only marked by absence of trees—several squadrons of cavalry, hussars, lancers, and light dragoons, had established their bivouac. There had been hard fighting over that ground for the greater part of the afternoon; but with this the horsemen had little to do. On the other hand, the fragments of smoked paper strewn the grass showed that musketeers had been busy, and many cartridges expended, amongst those very trees, where the enemy had made a vigorous stand before he was driven up and finally over the mountain by the queen's troops. A little higher, where less cover was to be had, dead bodies lay thick; and there had been a very fair sprinkling of the same, in great part despoiled of clothes by the retiring Carlists, upon the luxuriant pasture the Christiano cavalry now occupied. From the immediate vicinity of the bivouac, however, these offensive objects had, for the most part, been dragged away. The infantry were further in advance up the mountain, and on the right and left. The enemy having vacated the plain on the approach of a superior force, the cavalry had scarcely got a charge, but had had, upon the other hand, a large amount of trotting to and fro, of scrambling through rugged lanes, and toiling over heavy fields. They had also had a pretty view of the fighting, in which they were prevented taking a share, but which their brass bands frequently encouraged by martial and patriotic melodies; and they had received more than one thorough drenching from the heavy showers that poured down at brief intervals from sunrise till evening. The sun had set, however, in a clear blue sky; the stars shone brightly out; the air was fresh rather than cold; and, but for the extreme wetness of the grass, the night was by no means unfavorable for a bivouac. This inconvenience the men obviated, in some measure, by cutting away the long rank herbage with their sabres, in circles round the fires, made with some difficulty out of the green moist branches of oak and apple-trees; and which, for a while, gave out more smoke than flame, more stench than warmth.

It chanced to be my turn for duty that night; and this prevented my following the example of most of my brother-officers, who, after eating their share of some Carlist sheep, (the lazy commissariat mules were far behind,) wrapped themselves in their cloaks, with logs or valises under their heads, and with the excellent resolution of making but one nap of it from that moment till the reveillé sounded. I was not prevented sleeping, certainly; but now and then I had to rouse myself and go the round of the portion of the encampment

occupied by my regiment, to see that the horses were properly picketed, the sentries at their posts, and that all was right and conformable to regulation. Then I would lie down again and take a nap, sometimes at one fire, sometimes at another. At last, a couple of hours before daybreak, I was puzzled to find one to lie down at; for the bivouac was buried in sleep, and the neglected fires had been allowed to die out, or to become mere heaps of smouldering ashes. I betook myself to the one that gave the greatest symptoms of warmth, and on which, just as I reached it, a soldier threw an armful of small branches. Then, falling on his knees and hands, and lowering his head till his chin nearly touched the ground, he blew lustily upon the embers, which glowed and sparkled, and finally blazed up, casting a red light upon his brown and mustached countenance. I recognized a German belonging to my troop. We had several Germans and Poles, and one or two Italians and Frenchmen, in the regiment; some of them political refugees, driven by want to a station below their breeding; others, scamps and deserters from different services, but nearly all smart and daring soldiers. This man, Heinzel by name, was rather one of the scampish sort; not that he had ever suffered punishment beyond extra guards or a night in the black hole, but he was reckless and unsteady, which prevented his being made a sergeant, as he otherwise assuredly would have been; for, in spite of a very ugly physiognomy of the true Tartar type, he was a smart-looking soldier, a devil to fight, and a good writer and accountant. He had been a corporal once, but had been reduced for thrashing two Spanish peasants, whilst under the influence of *aguardiente*. He said they had tried to make him desert; which was likely enough, for they had certainly furnished him with the liquor gratis—an improbable act of generosity without an object. But he could not prove the alleged inveiglement; the civil authorities, to whom the boors had complained, pressed for satisfaction; and it was necessary to punish even an appearance of excess on the part of mercenary troops, often too much disposed to ill-treat the inoffensive peasantry. I had a liking for Heinzel, whom I fancied above his station. He spoke tolerable French; had rapidly picked up English in our regiment; and expressed himself, in his own language, in terms showing him to spring from a better class than that whence private soldiers generally proceed. Moreover, he had a mellow voice, knew a host of German songs, and although not a tithe of the squadron understood the words, all listened with pleased attention when he sang upon the march Arndt's dashing ditty in honor of Prince Blucher—every note of which has a sound of clashing steel and clanging trumpet, Hauff's milder and more sentimental

"Steh' ich in finst'rer Mitternacht,"

and other popular *Soldaten-Lieder*. Not very frequently, however, could he be prevailed upon to sing; for he was of humor taciturn, not to say sullen. He would drink to excess when the chance was afforded him; and although he could bear an immense deal either of wine or brandy without its affecting his head, he was oftener the worse for liquor than any other foreigner in the squadron, with the exception of one infernal Pole, who seemed to enjoy the special protection of Bacchus, and would find means to get drunk as the sow of Davy when the rest of the regiment were reduced to the limpid element.



Having got up a respectable blaze, Heinzel produced from his schapska a small wooden pipe and a bag of tobacco; filled the former, lit it at the fire, and with an "*Erlauben Sie, Herr Lieutenant*," (he usually spoke German to me,) seated himself at a respectful distance upon a fallen tree trunk, on one end of which I had taken my station.

"A cold morning, Heinzel," said I.

"Very cold, *Herr Lieutenant*; will you take a *snapps*, sir?"

And from the breast of his jacket he pulled out a leather-covered flask, more than half full, from which I willingly imbibed a dram of very respectable Spanish brandy. Considering the absence of rations, and our consequent reduction, since the preceding morning, from beef, bread, and wine, to quivering mutton and spring water, I at first gave Heinzel infinite credit for having husbanded this drop of comfort. But I presently discovered that I was indebted for my morning glass to no excess of sobriety on his part, but to his having fallen in with a Spanish canteen-woman, whom he had beguiled of a flaskful in exchange for two lawful reals of the realm.

The cordial had invigorated and refreshed me, and I no longer felt inclined to sleep. Neither to all appearance did Heinzel, who sat in an easy soldierly attitude upon his end of the log, gazing at the fire and smoking in silence. It occurred to me as a good opportunity to learn if my suspicions were well-founded, and if he had not once been something better than a private dragoon in the service of her Catholic majesty. We were alone, with the exception of one soldier, who lay at length, and apparently asleep, upon the other side of the fire, closely wrapped in his red cloak, whose cordial partially concealed his face.

"Who is that?" said I to Heinzel.

The German rose from his seat, walked round the fire, and drew the cloak collar a little aside, disclosing a set of features of mild and agreeable expression. The man was not asleep, or else the touching of his cloak awakened him, for I saw the firelight glance upon his eyes; but he said nothing, and Heinzel returned to his place.

"It is Franz Schmidt."

I knew this young man well, although he belonged to a different squadron, as an exceedingly clean, well-behaved soldier, and one of the most daring fellows that ever threw leg over saddle. In fact, from the colonel downwards, no man was better known than Schmidt. He was a splendid horseman, and had attracted notice upon almost the first day he joined, by a feat of equitation. There was a horse which had nearly broken the heart of the riding-master, and the bones of every man who had mounted him. The brute would go pretty quietly in the riding-school, but as soon as he got into the ranks, he took offence at something or other—whether the numerous society, the waving of pennons, or the sounds of the trumpet, it was impossible to decide—and started off at the top of his speed, kicking and capering, and playing every imaginable prank. The rough-riders had all tried him, but could make nothing of him. Still, as he was a showy young horse, the colonel was loath to have him cast; when one day, as we went out to drill, and Beelzebub, as the men had baptized the refractory beast, had just given one of the best horsemen in the regiment a severe fall, Schmidt volunteered to mount him. His offer was accepted. He was in the saddle in a second; but before his

right foot was in the stirrup, or his lance in the bucket, the demon was off with him, over a stiff wall and a broad ditch, and across a dangerous country, at a slapping pace. Schmidt rode beautifully. Nothing could stir him from his saddle; he endured the buck-leaps and other wilful eccentricities of the headstrong steed with perfect indifference, and amused himself, as he flew over the country, by going through the lance-exercise, in the most perfect manner I ever beheld. At last he got the horse in hand, and circled him in a large heavy field, till the sweat ran off his hide in streams; then he trotted quietly back to the column. From that hour he rode the beast, which became one of the best and most docile chargers in the corps. Beelzebub had found his master, and knew it.

The attention Schmidt drew upon himself by this incident, was sustained by subsequent peculiarities in his conduct. The captain of his troop wished to have him made a corporal; but he refused the grade, although he might be well assured it would lead to higher ones. He preferred serving as a private soldier, and did his duty admirably, but was more popular with his officers than with his comrades, on account of his reserved manner, and of the little disposition he showed to share the sports or revels of the latter. Before the enemy he was fearless almost to a fault, exposing his life for the mere pleasure, as it seemed, of doing so, whenever the opportunity offered. He did not cotton much, as the phrase goes, with any one, but in his more sociable moments, and when their squadrons happened to be together, he was more frequently seen with Heinzel than with anybody else. In manner he was very mild and quiet, exceedingly silent, and would sometimes pass whole days without opening his lips, save to answer to his name at roll-call.

To return, however, to Master Heinzel. I was resolved to learn something of his history, and, by way of drawing him out, began to speak to him of his native country, generally the best topic to open a German's heart, and make him communicative. Heinzel gave into the snare, and gradually I brought him to talk of himself. I asked him if he had been a soldier in his own country—thinking it possible he might be a deserter from some German service; but his reply was contradictory of this notion.

"All my service has been in Spain, sir," he said; "and it is not two years since I first put on a soldier's coat, although in one sense, I may say I was born in the army. For I first saw light on the disastrous day of Wagram, and my father, an Austrian grenadier, was killed at the bridge of Znaym. My mother, a sutler, was wounded in the breast by a spent ball whilst supporting his head, and trying to recall the life that had fled forever; and although she thought little of the hurt at the time, it occasioned her death a few months afterwards."

"A melancholy start in the world," I remarked. "The regiment should have adopted and made a soldier of the child born within sound of cannon, and deprived of both father and mother by the chances of war."

"Better for me if the regiment had, I dare say," replied Heinzel; "but somebody else adopted me, and by the time I was old enough to do something for myself, fighting was no longer in fashion. I might think myself lucky that I was not left to die

by the road-side, for in those days soldiers' orphans were too plenty for one in a hundred to find a foster-father."

"And who acted as yours?"

"An elderly gentleman of Wurzburg, at whose door my mother, overcome by fatigue and sickness, one evening fell down. Incapacitated by ill-health from pursuing her former laborious and adventurous occupation, she had wandered that far on her way to Nassau, her native country. She never got there, but died at Wurzburg, and was buried at the charges of the excellent Ulrich Esch, who further smoothed her dying pillow by the promise that I should be cared for, and brought up as his child. Herr Esch had been a shopkeeper in Cologne, but having early amassed, by dint of industry and frugality, the moderate competency he coveted, he had retired from business, and settled down in a snug country-house in the suburbs of Wurzburg, where he fell in love and got married. Since then several years had elapsed, and the union, in other respects happy, had proved childless. It was a great vexation to the worthy man and to his meek, sweet-tempered spouse, when they were finally compelled to admit the small probability of their ever being blessed with a family. Herr Esch tried to draw consolation from his pipe, his wife from her pet dogs and birds; but these were poor substitutes for the cheering presence of children, and more than once the pair had consulted together on the propriety of adopting a child. They still demurred, however, when my mother's arrival and subsequent death put an end to their indecision. The kind-hearted people received her into their house, and bestowed every care upon her, and, when she departed, they took me before the justice of peace and formally adopted me as their child. For some months my situation was most enviable. True, that old Hannechen, the sour house-keeper, looked upon me with small favor, and was occasionally heard to mutter, when my presence gave her additional trouble, something about beggar's brats and foundlings. True also that Fido, the small white lapdog, viewed me with manifest jealousy, and that Mops, the big poodle, made felonious attempts to bite, which finally occasioned his banishment from the premises. I was too young to be sensible to these small outbreaks of envy, and my infancy glided happily away; when suddenly there was great jubilee in the house, and, after eight years of childless wedlock, Madame Esch presented her husband with a son. This event made a vast difference in my position and prospects, although I still had no reason to complain of my lot. My worthy foster-parents did their duty by me, and did not forget, in their gush of joy at the birth of a child to their old age, the claims of the orphan they had gathered up at their door. In due time I was sent to school, where, being extremely idle, I remained unusually late before I was held to have amassed a sufficient amount of learning to qualify me for a seat on a high stool in a Wurzburg counting-house. I was a desperately lazy dog, and a bit of a scapegrace, with a turn for making bad verses, and ridiculous ideas on the subject of liberty, both individual and national. My foster-father's intention was to establish me, after a certain period of probation, in a shop or small business of my own; but the accounts he got of me from my employers were so unsatisfactory, and one or two mad pranks I played caused so much scandal in the town, that he deferred the execution of his plan, and thinking that absence from home, and a strict taskmaster, might be beneficial, he started me off to Frankfort-on-the-Maine,

where a clerk's place was ready for me in the office of the long-established and highly respectable firm of Schraube & Co."

Here Heinzel broke off the narrative strain into which he had insensibly fallen, and apologized for intruding upon me so commonplace a tale. But he had got into the vein, I saw, and was willing enough to go on; and, on my part, I was curious to hear his story out, although I had already assigned to it, in my mind, the not unnatural termination of flight from a severe employer, renunciation by the adoptive father, and consequent destitution and compulsory enlistment. I begged him to continue, and he did not need much pressing.

"Frankfort is a famous place for Jews," continued Heinzel, "and Jews are notoriously sharp men of business; but the entire synagogue might have been searched in vain for a more thorough Hebrew in character and practice than that very Christian merchant, Herr Johann Schraube. He was one of those persons who seem sent into the world for the express purpose of making themselves as disagreeable as possible. A little, bandy-legged, ill-made man, with small ferret's eyes, and a countenance expressive of unbounded obstinacy and self-conceit; he had a pleasant way of repeating his own words when he ought to have listened to the answer, was never known to smile except when he had made somebody miserable, or to grant a favor till he had surlily refused it at least half-a-dozen times. His way of speaking was like the snap of a dog. Everybody about him hated and feared him; his wife and children, his servants, his clerks, and even his partner, a tall strapping fellow who could have crushed him with his foot like a weasel, but who, nevertheless, literally trembled in presence of the concentrated bile of his amiable associate. I anticipated a pleasant time of it under the rule of such a domestic tyrant, especially as it had been arranged that I was to live in the house. Accordingly, a bed-chamber was allotted to me. I took my meals, with some others of the clerks, at the lower end of the family dinner-table, and passed ten hours a day in writing letters and making out accounts. My scanty moments of relaxation I was fain to pass either out of doors or reading in the counting-house; for although nominally treated as one of the family, I could see that my presence in the common sitting-room was anything but welcome to Schraube and his circle. Altogether I led a dog's life, and I make no doubt I should have deserted my blotting-book and fled back to Wurzburg, had I not found one consolation amongst all these disagreeables. Herr Schraube had a daughter of the name of Jacqueline—a beautiful girl, with golden curls and laughing eyes, gay and lively, but coquettish and somewhat satirical. With this young lady I fell in love, and spoiled innumerable quires of post paper in scribbling bad poetry in praise of her charms. But it was long before I dared to offer her my rhymes; and, in the mean time, she had no suspicion of my flame. How could she possibly suspect that her father's new clerk, of whose existence she was scarcely conscious, save from seeing him twice or thrice a day at the furthest extremity of the dining-table, would dare to lift his eyes to her with thoughts of love. She had no lack of more eligible adorers; and, although she encouraged none of them, there was one shambling lout of a fellow, with round shoulders and a sodden countenance, whom her father particularly favored, because he was exceedingly rich, and whose address he insisted on her admit-

ting. Like everybody else, she stood in much awe of old Schraube; but her repugnance to this suitor gave her courage to resist his will, and, for some time the matter remained in a sort of undecided state; stupid Gottlieb coming continually to the house, encouraged and made much of by the father, but snubbed and turned into ridicule by the vivacious and petulant daughter, both of whom, probably, trusted that time would change each other's determination.

"Such was the state of things when, one evening as I sat in the counting-house hard at work at an invoice, a servant came in and said that Miss Jacqueline wished to speak to me. A summons to appear at the pope's footstool would not have surprised me more than this message from a young lady who had long occupied my thoughts, but had never seemed in the least to heed me. Since I had been in the house, we had not exchanged words half-a-dozen times, and what could be the reason of this sudden notice? Without waiting to reflect, however, I hurried to her presence. She was seated at her piano, with a quantity of music scattered about; and her first words dissipated the romantic dreams I had begun to indulge on my way from the counting-house to the drawing-room. She had heard I was clever with my pen, and she had a piece of music to copy. Would I oblige her by doing it? Although I had never attempted such a thing, I unhesitatingly accepted the task, overjoyed at what I flattered myself might lead to intimacy. I sat up all that night, laboring at the song, and after spoiling two or three copies, succeeded in producing one to my satisfaction. Jacqueline was delighted with it—thanked me repeatedly—spoke so kindly, and smiled so sweetly, that my head was almost turned, and I ventured to kiss her hand. She seemed rather surprised and amused than angry, but took no particular notice, and dismissed me with another piece of music to copy. This was done with equal despatch and correctness, and procured me another interview with Jacqueline, and a third similar task. Thenceforward the supply of work was pretty regular, and took up all my leisure time, and often a good part of my nights. But in such service I was far from grudging toil, or lamenting loss of sleep. Nearly every day I found means of seeing Jacqueline, either to return music, to ask a question about an illegible bar, or on some similar pretext. She was too much accustomed to admiration not at once to detect my sentiments. Apparently they gave her no offence; at any rate she showed no marks of displeasure when, after a short time, I ventured to substitute, for the words of a song I copied, some couplets of my own, which, although doubtless more fervent in style than meritorious as poetry, could not leave her in doubt of my feelings towards her. I even thought, upon our next meeting at the dinner-table, after she had received this effusion, that her cheek was tinged with a blush when I caught her bright blue eye. With such encouragement I continued to poetize at a furious rate, sometimes substituting my verses for those of songs, at others writing them out upon delicate pink paper, with a border of lyres and myrtles, and conveying them to her in the folds of the music. She never spoke to me of them, but neither did she return them; and I was satisfied with this passive acceptance of my homage. Thus we went on for some time, I sighing and she smiling; until at last I could no longer restrain my feelings, but fell at her feet and confessed my love. A trifling but signifi-

cant circumstance impelled me to this decisive step. Going into the sitting-room one afternoon, I beheld her standing at the window, engaged in the childish occupation of breathing on the glass and scribbling with her finger upon the clouded surface. So absorbed was she in this pastime that I approached her closely before she seemed aware of my presence, and was able to read over her shoulder what she wrote upon the pane. To my inexpressible delight, I distinguished the initials of my name. Just then she turned her head, gave a faint coquetish scream, and hurriedly smeared the characters with her hand. My heart beat quick with joyful surprise; I was too agitated to speak, but, laying down the music I carried, I hurried to my apartment to meditate in solitude on what had passed. I beheld my dearest dreams approaching realization. I could no longer doubt that Jacqueline loved me; and although I was but her father's clerk, and he was reputed very wealthy, yet she was one of many children—my kind foster parent had promised to establish me in business—and, that done, there would be no very great impropriety in my offering myself as Herr Schraube's son-in-law. Upon the strength of these reflections, the next time I found myself alone with Jacqueline, I made my declaration. Thrice bitter was the disenchantment of that moment. Her first words swept away my visions of happiness as summarily as her fingers had effaced the letters upon the tarnished glass. But the glass remained uninjured, whilst my heart was bruised and almost broken by the shock it now sustained. My avowal of love was received with affected surprise, and with cold and cutting scorn. In an instant the castle of cards, which for weeks and months I had built and decorated with flowers of love and fancy, fell with a crash, and left no trace of its existence save the desolation its ruin caused. I had been the victim of an arrant coquette, whose coquetry, however, I now believe, sprang rather from utter want of thought than innate badness of heart. Her arch looks, her friendly words, her wreathed smiles, the very initials on the window, were so many limed twigs, set for a silly bird. Jacqueline had all the while been acting. But what was comedy to her was deep tragedy to me. I fled from her presence, my heart full, my cheeks burning, my pulse throbbing with indignation. And as I meditated, in the silence of my chamber, upon my own folly and her cruel coquetry, I felt my fond love turn into furious hate, and I vowed to be revenged. How, I knew not, but my will was so strong that I was certain of finding a way. Unfortunately, an opportunity speedily offered itself.

"For some days I was stupefied by the severity of my disappointment. I went through my counting-house duties mechanically; wrote, moved, got up and lay down, with the dull regularity, almost with the unconsciousness, of an automaton. I avoided as much as possible the sight of Jacqueline, who, of course, took no notice of me, and studiously averted her eyes from me, as I thought, when we met at meals; perhaps some feeling of shame at the cruel part she had acted made her unwilling to encounter my gaze. My leisure time, although not very abundant, hung heavily upon my hands, now that I had no music to copy, no amorous sonnets to write. A fellow-clerk, observing my dulness and melancholy, frequently urged me to accompany him to a kind of club, held at a *kneipe*, or wine-house, where he was wont to pass his evenings. At last I suffered myself to be per-



suaded; and finding temporary oblivion of my misfortune in the fumes of canaster and Rhine wine, and in the boisterous mirth of a jovial noisy circle, I soon became a regular tavern-haunter; and, in order to pass part of the night, as well as the evening, over the bottle, I procured a key to the house-door, by means of which I was able to get in and out at hours that would have raised Herr Schraube's indignation to the very highest pitch, had he been aware of the practice.

"It chanced one night, or rather morning, as I ascended the steps, of mingled wood and brick, that led to the door of my employer's spacious but old-fashioned dwelling, that I dropped my key, and owing to the extreme darkness, had difficulty in finding it. Whilst groping in the dusty corners of the stairs, my fingers suddenly encountered a small piece of paper protruding from a crack. I pulled it out; it was folded in the form of a note, and I took it up to my room. There was no address; but the contents did not leave me long in ignorance of the person for whom the epistle was intended. The first line contained the name of Jacqueline, which was repeated, coupled with innumerable tender epithets, in various parts of the billet-doux. It was signed by a certain Theodore, and contained the usual protestations of unbounded love and eternal fidelity, which, from time immemorial, lovers have made to their mistresses. Whoever the writer, he had evidently found favor with Jacqueline; for again and again he repeated how happy her love made him. Apparently, he was by no means so certain of the father's good-will, and had not yet ventured to approach him in the character of an aspirant to his daughter's hand; for he deplored the difficulties he foresaw in that quarter, and discussed the propriety of getting introduced to Herr Schraube, and seeking his consent. He begged Jacqueline to tell him when he might venture such a step. The letter did not refer to any previous ones, but seemed written in consequence of a verbal understanding; and the writer reminded his mistress of her promise to place her answers to his missives in the same place where she found these, twice in every week, upon appointed days, which were named.

"The perusal of this letter revived in my breast the desire of revenge which its possession gave me a prospect of gratifying. At that moment I would not have bartered the flimsy scrap of paper for the largest note ever issued from a bank. I did not, it is true, immediately see in what way its discovery was to serve my purpose, but that, somehow or other, it would do so, I instinctively felt. After mature consideration, I quietly descended the stairs, and restored the letter to the hiding-place whence I had taken it. That afternoon it had disappeared, and on the following day, which was one of those appointed, I withdrew from the same crevice Jacqueline's perfumed and tender reply to her beloved Theodore. It breathed the warmest attachment. The coquette, who had trifled so cruelly with my feelings, was in her turn caught in Cupid's toils; and I might have deemed her sufficiently chastised for her treatment of me by the anxieties and difficulties with which her love was environed. She wrote to her admirer, that he must not yet think of speaking to her father, or even of getting introduced to him; for that in the first place, Herr Schraube had officers in peculiar aversion, and would not tolerate them in his house; and secondly, it had long been his intention to marry her to Gottlieb Löffel, who was rich, ugly and stupid,

and whom she could not bear. She bid Theodore be patient, and of good courage; for that she would be true to him till death, and never marry the odious suitor they tried to force upon her, but would do all in her power to change her father's purpose, and incline him favorably to the man of her choice. Whilst deploring old Schraube's cold-blooded and obstinate character, she still was sanguine that in the main he desired her happiness, and would not destroy it forever by uniting her to a man she detested, and by severing her from him with whom alone would life be worth having, from her first and only love, her dearest Theodore, &c., &c. And so forth, with renewed vows of unflinching affection. This was a highly important letter, as letting me further into the secrets of the lovers. So the lucky Theodore, who had so fascinated Jacqueline, was an officer. That the old gentleman hated military men, I was already aware; and it was no news to me that his daughter entertained a similar feeling towards the booby Löffel. I had long since discovered this, although fear of her father induced Jacqueline to treat her unwelcome suitor with much more urbanity and consideration than she would otherwise have shown him.

"The next day the lady's letter, which I carefully put back in the nook of the steps, was gone, and the following Saturday brought another tender epistle from the gentle Theodore, who this time, however, was anything but gentle; for he vowed implacable hatred to his obnoxious rival, and devoted him to destruction if he persisted in his persecution of Jacqueline. Then there were fresh protestations of love, eternal fidelity and the like, but nothing new of great importance. The correspondence continued in pretty much the same strain for several weeks, during which I regularly read the letters, and returned them to the clandestine post-office. At last I grew weary of the thing, and thought of putting a stop to it, but could not hit upon a way of doing so, and at the same time of sufficiently revenging myself, unless by a communication to Herr Schraube, which plan did not altogether satisfy me. Whilst I thus hesitated, Jacqueline, in one of her letters, after detailing, for her lover's amusement, some awkward absurdities of which Löffel had been guilty, made mention of me.

" 'I never told you,' she wrote, 'of the presumption of one of my father's clerks; a raw-boned monster, with a face like a Calmuck, who, because he writes bad verses, and is here as a sort of gentleman-volunteer, thought himself permitted to make me, his master's daughter, the object of his particular regards. I must confess, that when I perceived him smitten, I was wicked enough to amuse myself a little at his expense, occasionally bestowing a word or smile which raised him to the seventh heaven, and were sure to produce, within the twenty-four hours, a string of limping couplets, intended to praise my beauty and express his adoration, but, in reality, as deficient in meaning as they were faulty in metre. At last, one day, towards the commencement of my acquaintance with you, dearest Theodore, he detected me childishly engaged in writing your beloved initials in my breath upon the window. His initials happen to be the same as yours, (thank Heaven, it is the only point of resemblance between you,) and it afterwards occurred to me he was perhaps misled by the coincidence. In no other way, at least, could I explain the fellow's assurance, when, two days afterwards, he plumped himself down upon his

knees, and, sighing like the bellows of a forge, declared himself determined to adore me to the last day of his life, or some still more remote period. You may imagine my answer. I promise you he left off pestering me with bad rhymes; and from that day has scarcely dared raise his eyes higher than my shoe-tie."

"This last assertion was false. My love and rejection were no cause for shame; but she might well blush for her coquetry, of which I could not acquit her even now the incident of the window was explained. Her injurious and satirical observations deeply wounded my self-love. I read and re-read the offensive paragraph, till every syllable was imprinted on my memory. Each fresh perusal increased my anger; and at last, my invention stimulated by fury, I devised a scheme which would afford me, I was sure, ample scope for vengeance on Jacqueline and her minion. A very skilful penman, I possessed great facility in imitating all manner of writing, and had often idly exercised myself in that dangerous art. I was quite sure that with a model beside me, I should not have the slightest difficulty in counterfeiting the handwriting both of Jacqueline and Theodore; who, moreover unsuspecting of deceit, would be unlikely to notice any slight differences. I resolved in future to carry on their correspondence myself, suppressing the real letters, and substituting false ones of a tenor conformable to my object. I calculated on thus obtaining both amusement and revenge, and enchanted with the ingenuity of my base project, I at once proceeded to its execution. It was fully successful; but the consequences were terrible, far exceeding anything I had anticipated."

I could not restrain an exclamation of indignation and disgust at the disclosure of this vindictive and abominable scheme. Heinzl—who told his tale, I must do him the justice to say, not vauntingly, but rather in a tone of humility and shame which I have perhaps hardly rendered in committing the narrative to paper—Heinzl easily conjectured the feeling that prompted my indignant gesture and inarticulate ejaculation. He looked at me timidly and deprecatingly.

"I was a fiend, sir—a devil; I deserved hanging or worse. My only excuse, a very poor one, is the violent jealousy, the mad anger, that possessed me—the profound conviction that Jacqueline had intentionally trifled with my heart's best feelings. Upon this conviction I brooded till my blood turned to gall, and every kind of revenge, however criminal, to me appeared justifiable."

He paused, leaned his head mournfully upon his hand, and seemed indisposed to proceed.

"It is not for me to judge you, Heinzl," said I. "There is One above us all who will do that, and to whom penitence is an acceptable offering. Let me hear the end of your story."

"You shall, sir. You are the first to whom I ever told it, and I scarce know how I came to this confidence. But it does me good to unburden my conscience, though my cheek burns as I avow my infamy."

His voice faltered, and again he was silent. Respecting the unaffected emotion of the repentant sinner, I did not again urge him to proceed; but presently he recommenced, of his own accord, in a sad but steady voice, as if he had made up his mind to drink to the dregs the self-prescribed cup of humiliation.

"According to my determination, I kept back

Jacqueline's next letter, and replaced it by one of my own, whose writing the most expert judge would have had difficulty in distinguishing from hers. In this supposititious epistle I gave Theodore a small ray of hope. The father, Jacqueline wrote, (or rather I wrote it for her,) was kinder to her than formerly, and had almost ceased to speak of her union with Löffel. Her hopes revived, and she thought things might still go happily, and Theodore become her husband. To obviate all probability of my manœuvres being discovered, I strictly enjoined the favored officer to abstain in future from speaking to her (as I knew from previous letters he was in the habit of doing) on the promenade, or in other public places. I gave as a reason, that those interviews, although brief and guarded, had occasioned gossip, and that, should they come to her father's ears, they would materially impede, perhaps altogether prevent, the success of her efforts to get rid of Löffel. Her lover was to be kept informed of the progress she made in bringing Herr Schraube to her views, and to receive instant intimation when the propitious moment arrived for presenting himself in the character of a suitor. So far so good. This letter elicited a joyful answer from Theodore, who swore by all that was sacred to be quiet, and take patience, and wait her instructions. I suppressed this, replacing it by one conformable to my arrangements. And now, in several following letters, I encouraged the officer, gradually raising his hopes higher and higher. At last I wrote to him that the day approached when he need no longer sigh in secret, but declare his love before the whole world, and especially before the hitherto intractable old merchant. His replies expressed unbounded delight and happiness, and eternal gratitude to the constant mistress who thus ably surmounted difficulties. But in the mean while things progressed precisely in the contrary direction. Herr Schraube, more than ever prepossessed in favor of Löffel's well-stored coffers, was deaf to his daughter's arguments, and insisted upon her marrying him. In one of Jacqueline's letters, kept back by me, she mournfully informed her lover of her father's irrevocable determination, adding that she would only yield to downright force, and would never cease to cherish in her heart the ill-fated love she had vowed to her Theodore. Then—and upon this, in my vindictive wickedness, I prided myself as a masterly stratagem—I caused the correspondence on the part of the officer to become gradually colder and more constrained, until at last his letters assumed a tone of ill-concealed indifference, and finally, some weeks before the day appointed for the wedding, ceased altogether. Of course I never allowed him to get possession of the poor girl's mournful and heart-broken replies, wherein she at last declared that, since Theodore deserted her, she would sacrifice herself like a lamb, obey her father, and marry Löffel. Life, she said, had no longer any charm for her; her hopes deceived, her affections blighted, the man she had so dearly loved faithless to his vows, she abandoned the idea of happiness in this world, and resigned herself to the lot imposed by a parent's will. Instead of these notes of lamentation, I sent to Theodore words of love and hope, and anticipations of approaching happiness. And at last, to cut short this long and shameful story, I wrote a concluding letter in Jacqueline's name, desiring him to present himself on the following Sunday at her father's house, and demand her hand in marriage. She had smoothed all difficulties, the unacceptable wooer had been dismissed, her father had relented, and was disposed to

give the officer a favorable reception. Theodore's reply was incoherent with joy. But the Sunday, as I well knew, was the day fixed for Jacqueline's marriage with Gottlieb Löffel. The climax approached, and, like a villain as I was, I gloated in anticipation over my long-prepared revenge. The day came; the house was decorated, the guests appeared. The bride's eyes were red with weeping, her face was as white as her dress; repugnance and despair were written upon her features. The priest arrived, the ceremony was performed, the tears coursing the while over Jacqueline's wan face; when, just at its close, the jingle of spurs was heard upon the stairs, and Theodore, in the full dress uniform of a Prussian officer, his face beaming with hope and love, entered the apartment. The bride fell senseless to the ground; the officer, upon learning what had just taken place, turned as pale as his unhappy mistress, and rushed down stairs. Before Jacqueline regained consciousness, I had thrown into the post-office a packet to her address, containing the intercepted letters. It was my wedding present to the wife of Gottlieb Löffel."

Since the interruption above recorded, I had listened in silence, with strong but painful interest, to Heinzel's details of his odious treachery. But the climax of his cruel revenge came upon me unexpectedly. A hasty word escaped me, and I voluntarily sprang to my feet.

"I deserve your contempt and anger, sir," said Heinzel; "but, believe me, I have already been severely punished, although not to the extent I merit. Not one happy hour have I had since that day—no moment of oblivion, save what was procured me by this" (he held up his dram-bottle.) "I am haunted by a spectre that leaves me no rest. Did I not fear judgment there," and he pointed upwards, "I would soon leave the world—blow out my brains with my carbine, or throw myself to-morrow upon the bayonets of a Carlist battalion. But would such a death atone for my crime? Surely not, with the blood of that innocent girl on my head. No, I must live and suffer, for I am not fit to die."

"How! her blood?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, sir, as you shall hear. Jacqueline's fainting fit was succeeded by hysterical paroxysms, and it was necessary to put her to bed and send for a physician. He ordered great care and repose, for he feared a brain fever. Her mother watched by her that night, but, towards daybreak, retired to repose, leaving her in charge of a servant. I heard that she was ill, but so obdurate was my heart rendered by the vindictive feelings possessing it, that I rejoiced at the misery and suffering I had occasioned her. Early the next morning I was entering the counting-house when I met the postman with letters for the family; and I chuckled as I perceived amongst them the packet containing the correspondence between Jacqueline and Theodore. I betook myself to my desk, next to a window that looked into the street, and commenced my usual quill-driving labors, pursuing them mechanically, whilst my mind dwelt upon Jacqueline's despairing regret on receiving the packet, conjectured her exclamations of grief and indignation when she discovered the bitter deception, her vain endeavors to guess its author. Nearly half an hour passed in this manner, when a sudden and momentary shade was cast upon my paper by an object passing before the window. Almost at the same instant I heard a heavy thump upon the pavement, and then a chorus of screams from the upper windows of the

house. Throwing up the one near which I sat, I beheld, not six feet below me, the body of a woman attired in a long loose wrapper. She had fallen with her face to the ground, and concealed by her hair; but my mind misgave me who it was. I sprang into the street just as a passer-by raised the body, and disclosed the features of Jacqueline. They were livid and blood-streaked. She had received fatal injury, and survived but a few moments.

"A servant, it appeared, during Madame Schraube's absence, had delivered my letter to Jacqueline, who, after glancing at the address, of which the handwriting was unknown to her, (I had taken good care to disguise it,) laid the packet beside her with an indifferent air. A short time afterwards a movement of curiosity or caprice made her take it up and break the seal. The servant attending her saw her glance with surprise at the letters it enclosed, and then begin to read them. Seeing her thus occupied, the woman, unsuspecting of harm or danger, left the room for a few minutes. She reopened the door just in time to see Jacqueline, in her night-dress, her long hair streaming from her uncovered head, precipitate herself headlong from the window, a height of nearly thirty feet from the ground.

"The letters, scattered over Jacqueline's bed, served but partially to disclose the real motive of her melancholy suicide, which was publicly attributed to the delirium of fever. Old Schraube, who might well have reproached himself with being by his tyrannical conduct, its indirect cause, showed no signs of remorse, if any he felt. His harsh voice sounded perhaps a trifle more rasp-like; I fancied an additional wrinkle on his low, parchment forehead, but no other changes were perceptible in him. No one suspected (as how should they?) my share in the sad business, and I was left to the tortures of conscience. God knows they were acute enough, and are so still. The ghastly countenance of Jacqueline, as it appeared when distorted, crushed, and discolored by its fall upon the pavement, beset my daylight thoughts and my nightly dreams. I was the most miserable of men, and, at last, unable longer to remain at the place of the grievous catastrophe, I pleaded bad health, which my worn and haggard countenance sufficiently denoted, as a pretext for a journey to Würzburg, and bade adieu to Frankfort, fully resolved never to return thither. The hand of a retributive Providence was already upon me. Upon reaching home, I found the household in confusion, and Herr Esch and his lady with countenances of perplexity and distress. They expressed surprise at seeing me, and wondered how I could have got my foster-father's letter so quickly. Its receipt, they supposed, was the cause of my return, and they marvelled when I said I had not heard from them for a month. An explanation ensued. By the failure of a house in whose hands the greater part of his property was deposited, Herr Esch found himself reduced nearly to indigence. He had written to his son to leave the expensive university at which he was studying, and to me to inform me of his misfortune, and of his consequent inability to establish me as he had promised and intended to do. He recommended me to remain with Schraube & Co., in whose service, by industry and attention, I might work my way to the post of chief clerk, and eventually, perhaps, to a partnership. With this injunction I could not resolve to comply. Insupportable was the idea of returning to the house where I had known Jacqueline and



destroyed her happiness, and of sitting day after day, and year after year, at the very window outside of which she had met her death. And could I have overcome this repugnance, which was impossible, I might still not have felt much disposed to place myself for an indefinite period and paltry salary under the tyrannical rule of old Schraube. I was unsettled and unhappy, and, moreover, I perceived or fancied that absence had weakened my hold upon the affections of my adopted parents, who thought, perhaps, now fortune frowned upon them, that they had done unwisely in encumbering themselves with a stranger's son. And when, after a few days' indecision, I finally determined to proceed southwards, and seek my fortune in the Spanish service, Herr Esch, although he certainly pointed out the risk and rashness of the scheme, did not very earnestly oppose its adoption. He gave me a small sum of money and his blessing, and I turned my face to the Pyrenees. My plan was to enter as a cadet in a Spanish regiment, where I hoped soon to work my way to a commission, or to be delivered from my troubles and remorse by a bullet; I scarcely cared which of the two fates awaited me. But I found even a cadetship not easy of attainment. I had few introductions, my quality of foreigner was a grave impediment, many difficulties were thrown in my way, and so much time was lost that my resources were expended, and at last I was fain to enlist in this regiment. And now you know my whole history, sir, word for word, as it happened, except some of the names, which it was as well to alter."

"And the unfortunate Theodore," said I, "what became of him?"

"He resigned his commission two days afterwards, and disappeared from Frankfort. No one could think how he intended to live, for he had scarcely anything beside his pay. I have sometimes asked myself whether he committed suicide, for his despair, I was told, was terrible, on learning the infidelity and death of Jacqueline. That would be another load on my conscience. But if he lives, the facts you have just heard must still be a mystery to him."

"They are no longer so," said a voice, whose strange and hollow tone made me start. At the same moment Schmidt, who during all this time had lain so still and motionless that I had forgotten his presence, rose suddenly to his feet, and dropping his cloak, strode through the hot ashes of the fire. His teeth were set, his eyes flashed, his face was white with rage, as he confronted the astonished Heinzl.

"Infernal villain!" he exclaimed, in German; "your name is not Heinzl, nor mine Schmidt; you are Thomas Wolff, and I am Theodore Werner!"

Heinzl, or Wolff, staggered back in consternation. His jaw dropped, and his eyes stared with an expression of vague alarm. Grinding his teeth with fury, Schmidt returned his gaze for a moment or two, then, flashing his sabre from the scabbard, he struck his newly-found enemy across the face with the flat of the weapon, and drew back his arm to repeat the blow. The pain and insult roused Heinzl from his stupefaction; he bared his sword and the weapons clashed together. It was time to interfere. I had my sheathed sabre in my hand; I struck up their blades, and stood between them.

"Return your swords, instantly," I said. "Stand to your horse, Schmidt; and you, Heinzl, remain here. Whatever your private quarrels, this is no time or place to settle them."

Heinzl dropped his sabre point, and seemed willing enough to obey, but his antagonist glared fiercely at me; and pressed forward, as if to pass me and get at his enemy, who had retreated a pace or two. I repeated my command more imperatively than before. Still Schmidt hesitated between thirst for revenge and the habit of obedience, when, just at that moment, the trumpets clanged out the first notes of the reveillé. The Spanish bands were already playing the *diana*; the sky grew gray in the east, a few dropping shots were heard, exchanged by the hostile outposts whom the first glimmer of day rendered visible to each other. Heinzl hurried to his horse; and the instinct of discipline and duty prevailing with Schmidt, he sheathed his sabre and gloomily rejoined his squadron. The men hastily bridled up, and had scarcely done so when the word was given for the left squadron (which was mine) to mount. We were no sooner in the saddle than we were marched away under the guidance of a Spanish staff-officer.

The day was a busy one; and it was not till we halted for the night that I found an opportunity of speaking to Heinzl. I inquired of him how it was that he had not recognized Theodore Werner in his comrade Schmidt. He then informed me that he knew the lover of the unhappy Jacqueline only by name, and by his letters, but had never seen him. At the time of his abode in Frankfort, there were a large number of Prussian officers in garrison there, in consequence of the revolutionary attempt of 1833; and it was not till after Werner's sudden appearance in Herr Schraube's house, upon the day of the wedding, that Heinzl learned his surname. In the letters Theodore was the only name used. Heinzl seemed to have been greatly shaken and alarmed by that morning's unexpected meeting. He was a brave fellow in the field; but I could see that he did not relish the idea of a personal encounter with the man he had so deeply injured, and that he would be likely to do what he could to avoid it. There was no immediate necessity to think about the matter; for the squadron did not rejoin the regiment, as we had expected, but was attached to a Spanish brigade, and sent away in a different direction.

Two months elapsed before we again saw the main body of the regiment, and the various changes and incidents that intervened nearly drove from my memory Heinzl's story and his feud with Schmidt. At last we rejoined head-quarters, one broiling day in June, at a small town of Old Castile. After so long a separation, in bustling times of war, comrades have much to say to each other, and soon the officers of the three squadrons were assembled at the posada, discussing the events that had filled the interval. The trumpet-call to evening stables produced a dispersion, at least of the subalterns, who went to ascertain that the horses were properly put up, and the men at their duty. My troop was quartered in half-a-dozen houses, adjacent to each other, and on arriving there, the sergeant-major reported all present except Heinzl. I was not very much surprised at his absence, but concluded that the heat of the day, and the abundance of wine—particularly good and cheap in that neighborhood—had been too much for him, and that he was sleeping off, in some quiet corner, the effects of excessive potations. I mentally promised him a reprimand, and an extra guard or two, and returned to my billet. The next morning, however, it was the same story—Heinzl again absent, and had not been at his quarters all night. This required inves-

tigation. I could not think he had deserted; but he might have got quarrelsome in his cups, have fallen out with the Spaniards, and have been made away with in some manner. I went to the house where he was billeted. The stable, or rather cowshed, was very small, only fit for two horses, and consequently Heinzel and one other man, a Pole, were the only troopers quartered there. I found the Pole burnishing his accoutrements, and singing in French, most barbarously broken, the burden of a *chanson à boire*. He could give no account of his comrade since the preceding day. Towards evening Heinzel had gone out with another German, and had not since made his appearance. I inquired the name of the other German. It was Franz Schmidt. This immediately suggested very different suspicions from those I had previously entertained as to the cause of Heinzel's absence. On further questioning, the Pole said that Schmidt came into the billet, and spoke to Heinzel loudly and vehemently in German, of which language he (the Pole) understood little, but yet could make out that the words used were angry and abusive. Heinzel replied meekly, and seemed to apologize, and to try to soften Schmidt; but the latter continued his violence, and at last raised his hand to strike him, overwhelming him, at the same time, with opprobrious epithets. All this was extracted from the Pole by degrees, and with some difficulty. He could not, or would not, tell if Heinzel had taken his sabre with him, but there could be little doubt, for it was not to be found. The Pole was afraid of getting himself, or Heinzel, into trouble by speaking openly; but he evidently knew well enough that the two Germans had gone out to fight. I immediately went to the captain of Schmidt's troop, and found him in great anger at the absence of one of his best men. Several foreigners had deserted from the regiment within the last few months, and he suspected Schmidt of having fol-

lowed their example, and betaken himself to the Carlists. What I told him scarcely altered his opinion. If the two men had gone out to fight, it was not likely that both were killed; and if one was, the survivor had probably deserted to escape punishment. The affair was reported to the colonel, and parties of foot and horse were sent to patrol the environs, and seek the missing men. At last they were found, in a straggling wood of willows and alder-bushes, that grew on marsh land about a mile from the town. Heinzel was first discovered. He lay upon a small patch of sandy soil, which had manifestly been the scene of a desperate struggle, for it was literally ploughed up by the heavy tramping and stamping of men's feet. He had only one wound, a tremendous sabre-thrust through the left side, which must have occasioned almost instant death. From his corpse, a trail of blood led to that of Schmidt, which was found about a hundred yards off. The conqueror in this fierce duel, he had fared little better than his victim. He had received three wounds, no one of them mortal, but from which the loss of blood had proved fatal. He had made an effort to return to the town, but had sunk down exhausted, probably in a swoon, and had literally bled to death.

Both the deceased men being Protestants, the Spanish priesthood would of course do nothing for them, and we had no chaplain. They were buried soldier-fashion in the same grave, near the place of their death, and the funeral service of the Church of England was read over them. A rough block of stone, that lay near at hand, was rolled to the grave, and partly imbedded in the earth; and I got a soldier, who had been a stone-cutter, to carve on it a pair of crossed swords, a date, and the letters T. W. None could understand the meaning of these initials, until I told that evening, after mess, the story of the Intercepted Letters.

#### MORTALITY.

The house is old, the house is cold,  
And on the roof is snow;  
And in and out, and round about,  
The bitter night-winds blow;  
The bitter night-winds howl and blow,  
And darkness thickens deep;  
And oh, the minutes creep as slow  
As though they were asleep!

It used to be all light and song,  
And mirth and spirits gay;  
The day could never prove too long,  
The night seemed like the day!  
The night seemed bright and light as day  
Ere yet that house was old;  
Ere yet its aged roof was gray,  
Its inner chambers cold.

Old visions haunt the creaking floors,  
Old sorrows sit and wail;  
While still the night-winds out of doors  
Like burly bailiffs rail!  
Old visions haunt the floors above,  
The walls with wrinkles frown;  
And people say, who pass that way,  
'T were well the house were down.

Charles Swain.

**TIMBER MINING IN AMERICA.**—On the north side of Maurice Creek, New Jersey, the meadows and cedar swamps, as far up as the fast land, are filled with buried cedars to an unknown depth. In 1814 or 1815, an attempt was made to sink a well curb near Dennis Creek landing; but after encountering much difficulty in cutting through a number of logs, the workmen were at last compelled to give up the attempt, by finding, at the depth of twenty feet, a compact mass of cedar logs. It is a constant business near Dennis Creek to "mine cedar shingles." This is done by probing the soft mud of the swamps with poles, for the purpose of discovering buried cedar timber; and when a log is found, the mud is cleared off, the log cut up into proper lengths with a long one-handled saw, and these lengths split up into shingles, and carried out of the swamp ready for sale. This kind of work gives constant employment to a large number of hands. The trees found are from four to five feet in diameter—they lie in every possible position, and some of them seem to have been buried for centuries. Thus stumps of trees which have grown to a greater age, and have been decaying a century are found standing in the place in which they grew, while the trunks of very aged cedars are lying horizontally under their roots.—*Scientific American*.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## GREENWICH TIME.

"The time is out of joint—oh, cursed spite!"—*Hamlet*.

WE are no friends to modern miracles. Whether these be wrought at Trêves, Loretto, or Edinburgh, we protest and make head against them all; and we care not a farthing for the indignation of the miracle-monger, be he pope, prelate, priest, potentate, protector, or provost. The interference of modern town-councils, to which we have all been long accustomed, has at last reached a point which borders upon absolute impiety. Not content with poking their fingers into every civic and terrestrial mess—not satisfied with interfering in the functions of the superintendent of the city fulzie, and giving gratuitous and unheeded advice to prime ministers—they have at last aspired to control the sun, and to regulate the motions of the heavenly bodies according to their delectable will. Pray, do these gentlemen ever read their Bibles? Do they really think that they are so many Joshuas? Do they know what they are doing when they presume to interfere with the arrangements of Providence and of nature—to alter times and seasons, and to confound the Sabbath with the week? Our amazement at their unjustifiable proceedings is only surpassed by our wonder at the apathy which prevails among the insulted population. Beyond one or two feeble letters in the newspapers, there have been no symptoms of resistance. Surely they have some respect left for their beds and their religion—for their natural and their commanded rest. It will not do to remain suffering under this last monstrous outrage in apathy and indifference. The bailies shall not be permitted to eclipse Phœbus, and proclaim false hours to us with impunity. We are ready and willing to head a crusade upon this matter, and we call upon all sorts and sundries of our fellow-citizens to join us in insurrection against the nuisance.

How stand the facts of the case? Listen and perpend. At twelve of the night of Saturday the thirteenth day of January, one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight, the public clocks of the city of Edinburgh were altered from their actual time by command of the town council, and advanced by twelve minutes and a half. To that extent, therefore, the clocks were made to lie. They had ceased to be regulated by the sun, and were put under civic jurisdiction. The amount of the variation matters little—it is the principle we contend for: at the same time it is quite clear that, if the magistrates possess this arbitrary power, they might have extended their reform from minutes to hours, and forced us, under the most cruel of all possible penalties, to rise in the depth of winter at a time when nature has desired us to be in bed.

Now, we beg once for all to state that we shall not get up, for the pleasure of any man, a single second sooner than we ought to do; and that we shall not, on any pretext whatever, permit ourselves to be defrauded, in the month of January, of twelve minutes and a half of our just and natural

repose. Life is bitter enough of itself without enduring such an additional penalty. In our hyperborean regions, the sacrifice is too hard to be borne; and one actually shudders at the amount of human suffering which must be the inevitable consequence, if we do not organize a revolt. For let it be specially remembered, that this monstrous practical falsehood is not attended with any alleviating relaxations whatever. It is a foul conspiracy to drag us from our beds, and to tear us from connubial felicity. The law courts, the banks, the public offices, the manufactories, all meet at the accustomed matutinal hour; but that hour, be it six, eight, or nine, is now a liar, and has shot ahead of the sun. Countless are the curses muttered every morning, and not surely altogether unheard, from thousands of unhappy men, dragged at the remorseless sound of the bell from pallet and mattress, from bed of down or lair of straw, from blanket, sheet, and counterpane, to shiver in the bitter frost of February, for no better reason than to gratify the whim of a few burgesses congregated in the High Street, who have a confused notion that the motions of the sun are regulated by an observatory at Greenwich.

What, in the name of whitebait, have we to do with Greenwich more than with Timbuctoo, or Moscow, or Boston, or Astracan, or the capital of the Cannibal Islands? The great orb of day no doubt surveys all those places in turn, but he does not do so at the same moment, or minute, or hour. It has been ordained by Providence that one half of this globe should be wrapped in darkness whilst the other is illuminated by light—that one fraction of the town-councils of the earth may sleep and be silent, whilst another is awake and gabbling. Not the music of the spheres could be listened to by man or angel were the provision otherwise. And yet all this fair order is to be deranged by the civic Solons of the Modern Athens! It is small wonder if few of these gentlemen have personally much appetite for repose. The head which wears a cocked-hat may lie as uneasy as that which is decorated with a crown; and there is many a malignant thought to press upon and disturb their slumbers. They are men of mortal mould, and therefore it is fair to suppose that they have consciences. They cannot be altogether oblivious of the present disgraceful state of the streets. The Infirmary must weigh upon them, heavy as undigested pork-pie; and their recent exhibitions in the court of session have been by no means creditable to their understanding. Therefore we can readily comprehend why they, collectively, are early driven from their couches; but it is not so easy to discover why they have no bowels of mercy towards their fellow-citizens. The cry of the parliament house is raised against them, and we own that our soul is sorry for the peripatetics of the outer boards. An ancient and barbarous custom, which long ago should have been amended, forces them to appear, summer and winter, before the lords ordinary at nine o'clock; and we have heard more than one of them confess, with tears in their eyes, that their



fairest prospects in life have been cruelly blighted, because the darlings of their hearts could not think of marrying men who were dragged from bed, throughout a considerable portion of the year, in the dark, who shaved by candle-light, and who expected their helpmates to rise simultaneously, and superintend the preparation of their coffee. If these things occurred under the merciful jurisdiction of the sun, what will be the result of the active cruelties of the magistracy? Why, advocate will become a word synonymous with that of bachelor, and not a single writer to the signet be followed by a son to the grave!

And why, we may ask, has this unwarrantable alteration been made? For what mighty consideration is it that the lives of so many of the lieges are to be embittered, and their comforts utterly destroyed? Simply for this reason, that there may be a uniformity of time established by the railway clocks, and that the trains may leave Edinburgh and London precisely at the same moment. Now, in the first place, we positively and distinctly deny that there is any advantage whatever, even to the small travelling fraction of the community, in any such arrangement. There is no earthly or intelligible connection between the man who starts from Edinburgh and the other who starts from London. They have each a separate rail, and there is no chance of a collision because the sun rises in the one place later than it does in the other. The men, we shall suppose, are not idiots; they know how to set their watches, or, if they do not possess such a utensil, they can desire the boots to call them at the proper hour, and go to bed like Christians who intend to enjoy the last possible moment of repose. If they are particular about time, as some old martinets are, they can have their watches reset when they arrive at the place of their destination, or regulate them by the different railway clocks as they pass along. They have nothing else to do; and it is as easy to set a watch as to drink off a tumbler of brandy and water. Or if the fogies choose to be particular, why cannot the railway directors print alongside of the real time a column of the fabulous Greenwich? John Bull, we know, has a vast idea of his own superiority in every matter, and if he chooses also to prefer his own time, let the fat fellow be gratified, by all means. Only do not let us run the risk of being late, in our endeavor to humor him, by forestalling the advent of the sun. May his shadow never be less, nor ours continue to be augmented, in this merciless and arbitrary manner!

But, in the second place, we beg leave to ask, whether the comforts of our whole population, whose time has effectually been put out of joint, are to be sacrificed for the sake of the passengers travelling between this and London? Do the whole of us, or the half of us, or any of us, spend a considerable portion of our lives in whirling along the Caledonian or the North British railways? The lord provost may deem it necessary to go up to London once a year on parliamentary business; but surely it would be more decent in his

lordship to wait for the sun, than to move off in the proud conviction that the course of that luminary has been adjusted to suit his convenience. We are irresistibly put in mind of an anecdote told by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. A certain merchant, sleeping in a commercial hotel, had given orders over-night that he should be called at a particular hour. Boots was punctual. "The morning has broke, sir," said he, drawing the curtain. "Let it break, and go to the mischief!" replied the sleepy trader; "it owes *me* nothing!" Now, whatever may be the opinion of the provost and his subordinate senate, we, the people of Edinburgh, do set a certain value upon the morning, which we hold to be appointed by Providence, and not by the town-council; and we must have somewhat better reasons than have yet been adduced in favor of the change, before we consent to make ourselves miserable for life. Early rising may be a very good thing, though, for our part, we always suspect a fellow who is over-anxious to get out of bed before his neighbors; but no man, or body of men, have a right to cram it as a dogma down our throats. And it is quite preposterous to maintain that the permanent comfort of many thousand people is to be sacrificed for the sake of a dubious convenience to the few bagmen who may be travelling with their samples to the southward. We protest in all sincerity, that, rather than subject ourselves to this *bouleversement* and disordering of nature, we would be content to see every railway throughout the kingdom torn up or battered down, and in every point of view we should consider ourselves gainers thereby. We, like the lord provost of Edinburgh, go once a year to London, but then we rise from our bed every morning of the year. We are far more likely now to miss an early train than before; and yet, in order to secure that single disadvantage, we are compelled in all time coming unnaturally to anticipate the day.

It is probable that some of our sapient councillors think this a very grand and clever scheme for securing uniformity of time. We consider it neither grand nor clever, but simply stupid and idiotical; and we beg to tell them that they have not secured thereby even what they foolishly think to be an uniformity of time. They have merely, by attempting to meddle with nature, introduced an element of ceaseless and intolerable confusion. They have no jurisdiction beyond their limited parliamentary bounds. They cannot decree that their time is to be adopted by the county towns; and a glance at the map will show what a small portion of the population of Scotland is located upon the line of the railways. Then as to the country, where clocks are uncommon, and usual reference for time is made to that great disc which is flaring in the sky, are the people there also to submit to the dictation of the magistrates of Edinburgh, and, if they want to perform a journey, arrive too late for the coach or train, because they trusted to the unerring and infallible index of the Almighty! Then as to the dials, common on the terrace and garden, and not uncommon on the

older country steeples—what is to become of them? Are they to be branded forever as lying monitors by the decree of sundry civic dignitaries, and broken up as utterly useless? Are all those who pin their faith to them to be deceived? Really, this is carrying matters with a high hand, with a vengeance!

Uniformity is the hobby of the age, and, more than the nine of diamonds, it has been the curse of Scotland. A certain set of people have been trying for these thirty years to assimilate us utterly to England, and in their endeavor to do so they have wrought incalculable mischief. They are continually tampering with our laws, and they would, if they dared, attempt to tamper with our religion. A man can neither be baptized, married, nor buried after the fashion of his forefathers. We are not allowed to trade with each other except upon English currency principles; and they have thrust the English system of jury trial in civil cases upon us, against the unanimous and indignant remonstrance of the nation. Now, *ceteris paribus*, we are willing to admit that uniformity in the abstract may be a very good thing, if you can only carry it out. Uniformity of property, for example, upon principles of equal division, could hardly fail to be popular; and we should like to see every acre of land throughout Britain at a uniform rent of five pounds. But uniformity, in order to perfect the system, should be cosmopolitan, not national—universal, and not limited. It would, for example, be convenient, in a commercial point of view, if all the nations of Europe—nay, of the world—could be brought to speak a uniform language. Such a state of matters, we know, once existed, but it was put a stop to by a miracle at the building of the tower of Babel. It might possibly be convenient if the four seasons of the year were equally and simultaneously distributed throughout the world—if, when we are going to our beds, the huntsmen were not up in Arabia, but lying amidst their camels beneath a tent in some far oasis of the wilderness. But these matters have been regulated by Divine Intelligence, and uniformity is no part of the scheme. In a very few years we shall have direct railway communication throughout Europe, from the west to the east—will it therefore be advisable to adopt a common standard of time—say that of Greenwich—for all the trains? Are the inhabitants of Paris to be aroused from slumber some three hours before their wont, because the early train from Moscow is to start at nine o'clock? If not, why is it sought to apply the same principle here? Perhaps our excellent councillors are not aware that there is no such thing as a universal time. There is no peculiar virtue in the Greenwich time, any more than in that which is noted at the observatory on the Calton Hill. We are afraid that a gross misconception upon this point prevails in the High Street, and that some of our friends have got hold of a legend, said to be current in the Canongate, that the city clocks were put back twelve minutes and a half by Charles Edward in the Forty-five—that they have given

out false time for upwards of a century—and that the present is a patriotic and spirited move of the magistrates to restore the hours to their pristine order and arrangement. If any of our civic representatives have fallen into error on this account, and been led astray by the cunning fable, we beg to assure them that it rests upon no solid foundation. Our ancestors entertained an almost Persian veneration for the sun, and would not have suffered any such interference. The city clocks of Edinburgh were not set upon the authority of the famous watch discovered at Prestonpans, of which it stands recorded, that “she died the very night Vich Ian Vohr gave her to Murdoch.”

We are not aware that any regulation of the lord provost and magistrates of the city of Edinburgh has the force and authority of a statute, or that their voice is potential in opposition to the almanac. If we are right in this, then we beg to tell them that the new arrangement is utterly in the teeth of the law, and may lead to serious consequences. Suppose that any of us has granted a bill which falls due at twelve o'clock. The hour peals from the steeple, and the bill is straightway protested, and our credit damaged. Five minutes afterwards we appear to satisfy the demand, but we are told that it is too late. In vain do we insist upon the fact that the bill is dated at Edinburgh, not at Greenwich, and appeal to the almanac and observatory for the true state of the time. We proffer the sun as our witness, but he is rejected as a suspicious testimony, and as one already tried before the civic court and convicted of fraud, falsehood, and wilful imposition. What is to become of us in such a case? Are we to go into the Gazette, because the provost has set the clocks forward? Or suppose a man on deathbed wants to make his will. It is Wednesday the ninth of February, close upon midnight, and the sufferer has not a moment to lose. A few hasty lines are written by the lawyer, and as he finishes them the clock strikes twelve. The dying man signs, and expires in the effort. The testing clause of that deed would bear that it was signed on Thursday the tenth; but the fact is that the man died upon Wednesday, and we know very well that corpses cannot handle a pen. How is that affair to be adjusted? Are people to be defrauded of their inheritance for a whim of the town council, or the convenience of a few dozen commercial travellers? Or take the case of an annuitant. Suppose an old lady, and there are plenty of them in that situation, dies on the term-day exactly five minutes after twelve according to Greenwich time in Edinburgh—who gets the money? Is it a *dies inceptus* or a *dies non*? If a new term has begun, her representatives are undoubtedly entitled to finger the coin, if not, the payer pockets it. By which arrangement—that of Providence, or that of the provost—shall such a question be decided? Who is to rule the day, the term, and the season? We pause for a reply. Or let us take another and not imaginary case. A good many years ago we were asked to take shares in a tontine, and complied

Twelve of us named a corresponding number of lives, whereof all have evaporated, save that of which we are the nominee, and one other which had been selected by an eminent vice-president of the Fogle club. Our man resides in Greenwich, is a pensioner, and we defy you to point out a finer or livelier specimen of the Celtic race, at the advanced but by no means exorbitant age of ninety-five. We are, from the best possible motives, extremely attentive to the old man, whom we supply gratuitously, but cautiously, with snuff and whiskey; and his first caulker every day is turned over to our health—a libation which we cordially return. This year we were somewhat apprehensive, for his sake, of the prevalent fever and influenza; but M'Tavish escaped both, and is, at this moment, as hearty as a kyloe on the hills of Skye. The vice-president, oddly enough, had backed a superannuated chairman, who is stated to be a native of Clackmannan. He is so extremely aged that the precise era of his birth is unknown; but he is supposed to have been, in some way or other, connected with the Porteous mob. With accumulations, there are about five thousand pounds at stake upon the survivorship of these two. Twice, in the course of the last ten years, have each of them been seriously ill, and precisely at the same time; and twice has the milk of human kindness been soured between the worthy vice-president and ourselves.

Should the invisible and mysterious sympathy between M'Tavish and Hutcheon operate again—should Celt and Lowlander alike be stricken with sickness, the contested point between us will, in all probability, be brought to an issue. Both have taken effectual measures to have the death of his neighbor's nominee noted with accuracy to a second. Now, if Hutcheon were to die to-day in Edinburgh at twenty minutes past eleven, according to the present regulation of the clocks, and if the next post brought intelligence that M'Tavish had given up the ghost at Greenwich precisely five minutes sooner, which of us two would be entitled to the stakes? On the twenty-ninth of January, when the old and true time was in observance, there could have been no doubt about the question. We should have been the winner by seven minutes and a half. Hutcheon would have died, like his forefathers, at seven and a half minutes after eleven, and M'Tavish at the quarter past. But, as it is, the life of M'Tavish has been cut short, or what is the same thing, that of Hutcheon has been preposterously prolonged. And so, if the alteration made by the town council be legal, we may be defrauded of five thousand pounds—if not legal, what pretext have they for making it?

We do not envy the situation of our civic representatives on the unfortunate occasion of the next public execution in Edinburgh. In the first place, should their present regulation be adhered to, every subsequent culprit will be deprived of twelve minutes and a half of his existence. So much shorter time will he have to repent of his sins, and make peace with his Creator; for the

arbitrary alteration of the clocks will not alter the day of doom. The "usual hour" will be indicated in the sentence, and the trembling felon launched into eternity so much the sooner, that a few commercial travellers may be saved the pains of regulating their watches! We dare not speak lightly on such a subject; for who can estimate the value of those moments of existence which are thus thoughtlessly, but ruthlessly, cut off? In the second place, whenever the like catastrophe shall occur, we have a strong suspicion that the magistrates will be morally responsible either for murder or for defeat of justice. It is in truth an extremely unpleasant dilemma, but one entirely of their own creating. For their own sakes, we beg their serious attention to the following remarks. We shall suppose the ordinary case of a man sentenced by the judiciary court to be executed at the usual hour, which with us is eight in the morning. Hitherto we knew precisely what was meant by eight, but now we do not. But this we know, that if that man is executed at eight, as the clocks now stand, HE IS MURDERED, just as much as he would be, if, the evening before, he had been forcibly strangled in his cell! The felon's life is sacred until the hour arrives when justice has ordained him to die; and if the life be taken sooner, that is murder. Who, we ask, would be the responsible parties in this case, not perhaps to an earthly, but surely to a higher tribunal? On the other hand, if the execution does *not* take place at eight, it is highly questionable whether the criminal can be executed at all. The sentence must be fulfilled to the letter. Delay in such matters is held by the clemency of our law to interpose a strong barrier in favor of the criminal; and this at least seems certain, that a man condemned to be executed on one day, cannot, without a new sentence, be capitally punished upon another. Hours—nay minutes—are very precious when the question is one of life and death, and the consideration is a very grave one.

In short, the magistrates have landed themselves, and will land us, in interminable confusion; and we foresee that not a little litigation will result from their proceedings. In all legal matters—and there are many in which punctuality is of the utmost moment—the clocks cannot be held to regulate time. They vary from each other according to their construction or their custody, and we have thrown away and abandoned the true standard. The difference of a single degree may prove as important as that of forty, and if there is to be a uniformity between the Edinburgh and the Greenwich time, why not extend it to the colonies? We warn the town council of Edinburgh that they may have much to answer for from the consequences of their absurd proceeding.

We understand that there are police statutes ordaining that all taverns shall be shut up at twelve o'clock of a Saturday night, and for breach of this rule people may be taken into custody. The magistrates have peremptorily altered twelve o'clock, and have made that period arrive at forty



seven and a half minutes after eleven. Is it lawful to conduct us to the watch-house, if we should chance to be found at Ambrose's, lingering over a tumbler during the debatable twelve minutes and a half—or are we not entitled to knock down the ruffian who should presume to collar us during the interval? Whether have we or the follower of Mr. Haining the best legal grounds for an action of assault and battery? We appeal to the heavenly bodies, and indignantly assert our innocence: Dogberry walks by the rule of the Right Honorable Adam Black, and accuses us of gross desecration. Which of us is in the right? and how is the statute to be interpreted? It is surely obvious to the meanest capacity that, if the magistrates of Edinburgh have the power to proclaim Greenwich time within their liberties, there is nothing to prevent them from adopting the recognized standard of Kamschatka, or from ordaining our clocks to be set by the meridian of Tobolsk. They may turn day into night at their own good pleasure, and amalgamate the days of the week, as indeed they have done already; and this brings us to a consideration, which, in Scotland at least, deserves especial attention.

The public mind has of late been much agitated by the question of Sunday observance. We do not mean now to debate that point upon its merits, nor is it the least necessary for our present argument that we should do so. Every one, we are certain, wishes that the Lord's day should be properly and decently observed. There are differences of opinion, however, regarding the latitude which should be allowed—one party being in favor of a total cessation from work, and founding their view upon the decalogue; whilst the others maintain that, under the Christian dispensation, a new order of things has been established. There has been a good deal of discussion upon this topic, and the practical subject of dispute has been, whether railway trains should be permitted to run upon the first day of the week. On that head we shall say nothing; but we maintain that both parties are alike interested in having the limits of the Sunday accurately and distinctly declared. Some observance, whatever be its limit, is clearly due to the holy day, whether men hold it to be directly of divine ordinance, or to have been set apart for divine worship by ecclesiastical and conventional authority. By the present arrangement, the feelings of both parties are outraged. Sabbath or Sunday—call it which you will—has been changed by the town council, and is not the same as before. It is easy to say that this is quibbling, but in reality is it so? Can the town council compel us to accept any day they may please to nominate instead of Sunday, and consecrate Wednesday, for example, as that which is to be dedicated to pious uses? We repeat that this is but a question of degree. No authority, at least no such authority as that of a body of local magistrates, can dovetail the Sabbath by making it begin earlier and end later than before. There are stringent ancient Scottish statutes, some of them not altogether in desuetude, against Sabbath desecration, and how

are these now to be interpreted or enforced? No true Sabbatarian can support the present movement. His case is irretrievably lost if he acquiesces in the change; for the day has unquestionably been violated—and it may be violated as well in a minute as in a hour. Those who take the other view cannot fail to be equally offended. The order which they keenly advocate and maintain has been wantonly broken and destroyed. The limits of Sunday are annihilated. Men do not know when it commences or when it ends, and they may be gaming when they ought to be at prayers. Churches and congregations of every kind have a common interest in this. The individuality of the day must be supported, and there must be no doubt, and no loophole left for cavillers to carp at its existence.

Look at it in any light you please, the change is fraught with danger. We have enlarged somewhat on the score of inconvenience—for we thoroughly feel and resolutely maintain that the practical inconvenience is great—but the other results we have referred to are inevitable and are infinitely worse. Tampering with the laws of nature is not permitted, even to the most sapient of town councils; and, as they cannot wash the Ethiopian white, so neither need they try to control the progress of the sun, and to prove that great luminary a liar. Surely, they have plenty to do without interfering with the planetary bodies? We really thought better of their patriotism; nor could we have expected that they would falsify the host of heaven in order to take their future time from some distant English clock. So soon as the whole of the world is ripe for an uniformity of time, and contented to adopt it, we may then possibly become acclimated to the change, and rise at midnight, to go about our nightly, not daily, duties without a murmur. But pray, in this matter, let us at least secure reciprocity. If we are to be dragged from our beds at untimely hours, let the rest of the population of the globe suffer to a similar extent; for in community of suffering there is always some kind of dim and indefinite comfort. We are rather partial to bagmen, and would endure something, though not this, to accelerate their progress; but why should the whole Scottish nation be made a holocaust and an offering for our weakness? Falstaff, who, whatever may be said of his valor, was a remarkably shrewd individual, might give a lesson to our civic dignitaries. He counted the length and endurance of his imaginary combat with Percy, by Shrewsbury clock, and did not seek to extend his renown by superadding to it the benefit which might have been derived by a reference to Greenwich time. Let us do the like, and submit to the ordinances of Providence—not try to oppose them by any vain and extravagant alteration. Without the least irreverence, because we hold that the whole profanity—though it may be unintended—is on the other side, let us ask the town council of Edinburgh, whether they consider themselves on a par with the great leader of Israel, and whether they are entitled to say "Sun, stand thou still upon

Gibeon, and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon?" And yet, what is their late move, but something tantamount to this? They have declared against the order of nature, and such a declaration must imply a species of gross and unwarrantable presumption.

And now, messieurs of the town council of Edinburgh, what have you to say for yourselves? Are we right, or are we wrong?—have we failed, or have we succeeded, in making out a case against you? We think we can discern some symptoms of a corporate blush suffusing your countenance; and, if so, far be it from us to stand in the way of your repentance. We are willing to believe that you have done this from the best of possible motives, but without forethought or consideration. You probably were not aware of the consequences which might and must arise from this singular attempt at legislation. Be wise, therefore, and once more succumb, as is your duty, to the established laws and harmony of nature. Leave the planets alone to their course, and be contented to observe that time which is indicated and proclaimed from heaven. Recollect wherein it is written that the sun, and moon, and stars were set in the firmament of heaven to rule over the day, and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness. By no possible sophistry can you pervert the meaning of that wholesome text. Why, then, should you act in opposition to it, and introduce this element of disorder among us? Go to, then, and retrace your steps. Put the clocks backward as before. Let the shadows be straight at mid-day. Leave us our allotted rest, for it is sweet and pleasant. Defraud us not of our inheritance. Let our children not be born before their time. Let the miserable malefactor live until the last moment of his allotted span. Preserve the Sunday intact, and let us hear no more of such nonsense. Why should you be wiser than your forefathers? If any man had told them to alter their time from England, they would have collared the seditious prig, and thrust him neck and heels into the Tolbooth. When grim old Archibald Bell-the-Cat was provost, no man durst have hinted at Greenwich time on pain of the forfeiture of his ears; for, notwithstanding his performances at Lauder-Bridge, Bell-the-Cat was a Christian, the father of a bishop, and knew his duties better than rashly to interfere with Providence. Restore our meridian, and, if you are really anxious to do your duty, occupy yourselves with meaner matters. It would much conduce to the comfort of the lieges, if, instead of directing the course of the sun, you were to give occasional orders for a partial sweeping of the streets.

THE OUTSIDE PASSENGER.—Some years ago, a young lady, who was going into a northern county, took a seat in the stage-coach. For many miles she rode alone; but there was enough to amuse her in the scenery through which she passed, and in the pleasing anticipations that occupied her mind: she had been engaged as governess for the grandchildren of an earl, and was now travelling to his seat. At mid-day the coach stopped at an inn, at which

dinner was provided, and she alighted and sat down at the table. An elderly man followed, and sat down also. The young lady rose, rang the bell, and addressing the waiter, said, "Here is an outside passenger: I cannot dine with an outside passenger." The stranger bowed, saying, "I beg your pardon, madam, I can go into another room," and immediately retired. The coach soon afterwards resumed its course, and the passengers their places. At length the coach stopped at the gate leading to the castle to which the young lady was going; but there was not such prompt attention as she expected. All eyes seemed directed to the outside passenger, who was preparing to dismount. She beckoned, and was answered, "As soon as we have attended to his lordship, we will come to you." A few words of explanation ensued, and, to her dismay, she found that the outside passenger, with whom she had thought it beneath her to dine, was not only a nobleman, but that very nobleman in whose family she hoped to be an inmate. What could she do? How could she bear the interview? She felt really ill, and the apology she sent for her non-appearing that evening was more than pretence. The venerable peer was a considerate man, and one who knew the way in which the Scripture often speaks of the going down of the sun. "We must not allow the night to pass thus," said he to the countess; "you must send for her, and we must talk to her before bedtime." He reasoned with the foolish girl respecting her conduct, insisted on the impropriety of the state of mind that it evinced, assured her that nothing could induce him to allow his grandchildren to be taught such notions, refused to accept any apology that did not go the length of acknowledging that the thought was wrong, and, when the right impression appeared to be produced, gave her his hand.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

WE have now travelled conscientiously through forty or fifty volumes; and have put them altogether, in the hope that the number and the quality may be some check on the fervor which induces every rhymester who can "couple but love and dove," to rush into print. After reading thousands of lines, we find no new images, and scarcely a new thought. We believe that the following skeleton of a poem on "Nature" "Poesy" "Woman" or "anything you like, my little dear," contains all the images of all the poets we have reviewed. It may serve as a clue to as many more: we have collected the epithets and subjects in our progress, and are surprised to find the vocabulary so small.

Stream—mountain—straying  
Breeze—gentle—playing  
Bowers—beauty—bloom  
Rose—jessamine—perfume  
Twilight—moon—mellow ray  
Tints—glories—parting day  
Poet—stars—truth—delight  
Joy—sunshine—silence—night  
Voice—frown—affection—love  
Lion—anger—tamed—dove  
Lovely—innocent—beguile  
Terror—frown—conquer—smile  
Loved-one—horror—haste—delay  
Part—thorns—meet—gay  
Sweetness—life—weary—prose  
Love—hate—bramble—rose  
Absence—presence—glory—bright  
Life—halo—beauty—light.

*Shilling Magazine.*

## BURGOYNE'S SURRENDER.

PART OF AN ARTICLE IN BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

So long ago as the summer of 18—, I was a traveller in these regions, making my way into Canada. In those days there were no railways in America. By the steamer, *Chancellor Livingston*, I had ascended the Hudson to Albany in something less than twenty-four hours. From Albany to Lake Champlain I was one of a party chartering a post-coach, and permitted by the terms of our contract to make as easy stages as might suit our pleasure or convenience. At Whitehall we took a small sailing-craft down the lake a hundred miles and more, to Plattsburgh; and thence, resuming the land route, made our way into Canada. Compared with the more modern rate of travel, we went at a snail's pace; but with all its inconveniences, our way of making the journey had its peculiar benefits and charms. We were less superficial observers of men and things than railway passengers can possibly be. We were intelligent persons; we conversed with the men of the soil; we asked questions of plain farmers and sailors, and heard with pleasure their long stories of ancient battles in those parts, from the days of the Iroquois to the days of General Brock. We stopped by the roadside and examined places of interest, and took views of beautiful landscapes from commanding heights. And now I can say of my route into Canada what Wordsworth says of the Wye:—

“Those beautiful scenes,  
Through a long absence, have not been to me  
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye;  
But oft in lonely rooms, and mid the din  
Of towers and cities, I have owed to them,  
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,  
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart.”

Many such hours I have refreshed my memory by recurring also to such books of tourists as I have at hand, but especially in the later authors of this kind I have found little satisfaction. They all seem to have hurried over their journey without stopping to take breath; and I am inclined to believe that I was lucky in beginning my travels, while as yet the spirit of the nineteenth century was only just putting on its seven-leagued boots, and still permitted the good habit of hastening slowly. Let me, then, go over my former stages, at least in fancy; and while I interweave my histories with the personal adventures of an old-fashioned traveller, let me be met also by some of the indulgent humorists accorded to narrative old age.

Our travelling party had been thrown together less by choice than accident; and for our commander-in-chief we had unfortunately selected as wild a young Irish officer as was ever turned loose from Cork to fight his fortunes in the world. Fitz-Freke, as he called himself, had no single qualification for being our “guide, philosopher, and friend,” except a boasted familiarity with the way. He had travelled it very often, and indeed seemed to hang somewhat loosely to his regiment, which

was stationed at Montreal. Before we had half finished our first day's drive, we had begun to wish furloughs and half-pay had never been invented; and I am sorry to add, that his affectionate recollections of his family in Cork led him quite too frequently to the bottle. Poor Freke! we profited by his good-humor, yet abused his forbearance under rebuke; and I must own in justice, that when we at last parted company, and were to see no more of him, we were all ready to protest that he was, after all, as downright a worthy as ever buttoned an Irishman's heart beneath a buff waistcoat.

Leaving Albany before the day began to be hot, we went rapidly through the green levels upon its right bank, and crossed the river at Troy. Here we were conducted to Mount Ida, and by a geographical miracle made an easy transition to Mount Olympus, from which the view is extensive, but by no means celestial. Freke seemed to think there was some reason to suspect a hoax; but as his classical information was not of the most accurate description, I am not sure but he still labors under the impression that he has stood where the three goddesses displayed their charms to Paris; and smoked a cigar where that botheration siege was as interminably contested, as were ever those consequent hexameters of Virgil and Homer, which he adorned with dog's-ears and thumb-prints, under the diurnal ferule of his tutor. In passing through the streets, we were gratified to observe that, in spite of Diomed and Ulysses, Troy still retains its “Palladium of liberty, and independent free press;” and though we could discover no relics of the famous wooden-horse, I notice in the accounts of later tourists that an “iron horse” may now be found there in harness, which daily brings strangers into the heart of the city without any incendiary effect. Such is the change of manners and times since the days of the pious *Aeneas*!

We rattled over a bridge, and had a fine view of the mouths of the Mohawk. Here are numerous islands, with steep sides and piny summits, to which the American General Schuyler retreated before Burgoyne, and prepared to sustain an investment. While arranging his defences, he was unjustly deprived of his command, at the very moment when, by the arrival of additional force, he would have been enabled to turn upon his pursuers; and thus the laurels of the subsequent victory were put into the hand of General Gates, while the worst effects of the expedition fell upon the estates of Schuyler, which were ravaged by the advancing foe. Gates appears to have been in all respects inferior to the gallant officer whom he superseded; and as he had the full advantage of Schuyler's preparatory measures, there is a deep jealousy of his fame, which must account for the fact noticed by the author of “Hochelaga,” that he is by no means credited by his countrymen with the vastly important consequences of the capture of Burgoyne. “Gates has been called the hero of Saratoga,”—says an American biographer—“but it has a sound of mockery.”



The county of Saratoga, through which we were now passing, if not in these parts remarkable for scenery, is nevertheless full of interesting places, as having been the field of some of the warmest contests of the American Revolution. Traditions also still linger among its inhabitants of the earlier battles with the Indians and French; and authentic anecdotes are frequently reviving upon the road, which those who are familiar with the romances of Cooper will recognize, at once, as the ground-work of some of his fictions. So far as is possible, therefore, in America, we were now on historical ground. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, the valley of the Mohawk was filled with those fierce nations of savages called the Iroquois. The shores of the St. Lawrence harbored their deadly enemies, the Adirondachs, who belonged to the powerful race of Algonquins. At the same time, the advance-guard of English adventure was pressing up through the Hudson; and from Quebec, the pioneers of New France were pushing their way towards the Mohawk. The inveterate foes of two continents thus encountered one another in the passes of Lake George and Lake Champlain; and these natural channels of reciprocal invasion became, of course, the scenes of frequent collision and deadly strife. When these preliminary feuds were ended, and the power of England reposed on both banks of the St. Lawrence, the earliest and fiercest affrays of the war of independence found here their inevitable fields. The first years of the present century were again disgraced by war between England and America, and instinctively the tide of battle returned to its old channels; and if ever—which God forefend!—the mother and the daughter should fall out again, it cannot be doubted that the same passes must echo once more to the tread of martial men, and the same waters be crimsoned with the blood of brethren. They are the very breeding-places of border-fend; and nature has furnished them with that wild luxuriance of beauty with which she loves to prepare for history, and by which she seems to challenge her to do as much again, in adorning it with romantic associations.

For several miles between the towns on the left bank of the river, we had nothing else in view more interesting than a dull canal connecting Lake Champlain with the Hudson, at Albany. But the river itself is always beautiful. Even here it is a fine wide stream, and seems to scorn the beggarly ditch that drudges like a pack-horse by its side. But at certain seasons it is too low for boating, and at all seasons is rendered unfit for navigation by numerous rocks. It was a relief to shut my ears to the perpetual humor of Freke, and watch the course of the stream through the broad meadows; sometimes refreshing us with cool sounds where it foamed over shelving shoals, and then dazzling our eyes with the reflected sunbeam, glancing from its deep smooth breast, on which the blue heavens looked down without a cloud.

We came to Stillwater, which deserves its name, if it has any reference to the Hudson. A

ridge of hills stretching inland, in this neighborhood, is the memorable scene of the two engagements which sealed the fate of Burgoyne's expedition, and which are thought to have been the decisive blow in the revolutionary struggle of America. Here also is shown the miserable wooden shed of a house in which the gallant and accomplished General Frazer died of his wound. It stands near the river, and at the foot of a hill, on the top of which the general was buried. Though the remains have long since been disinterred, and returned to England, the spot is marked by several pines, and is constantly visited by tourists. The house is a mere tap-room, and must, at any time, have been a miserable hovel to die or live in. Yet it once was dignified as the temporary abode of high-born and elegant women. During the battles, it was the receptacle of the dying and wounded British officers, and the scene of many of those tender acts of self-denying mercy, by which woman, in the hour of suffering and extremity, becomes transfigured into a ministering angel.

Several miles above, we crossed the Fishkill, a little river by which the Lake of Saratoga discharges its waters into the Hudson; and shortly after we passed the domain of General Schuyler, and the site of his mansion, which was burned by a foraging-party during the advance of Burgoyne. Of the adventures of a single night spent at Saratoga, it is not necessary to say anything here, as in less than twenty-four hours we were again on our immediate route. At Fort Miller the road crosses the river, and from thence we went along the eastern shore of the Hudson, eight miles, to Fort Edward. It was here that Burgoyne began to encounter those difficulties of his situation, which rapidly increased upon him, till they became insurmountable. He had forced his way from Whitehall to this place, through an obstinate fight, and over bad roads, encumbered by all the mischief that a retreating foe could leave behind them. Here, falling short of stores and ammunition, his only resource was to transport them from the head of Lake George, where one of his officers had captured a fort. This occasioned that fatal delay of more than a month, during which the American army changed commanders, was recruited with fresh troops, and returned from the Mohawk to show fight. As he was roundly censured for his sluggishness in the British parliament, and pleaded in excuse the extraordinary face of the country, over which he was forced almost to construct a road; it is but justice to his memory to quote, on this point, the corroborative evidence of an eminent American geologist. "I was much struck," says Professor Silliman, "with the formidable difficulties which General Burgoyne had to encounter in transporting his stores, his boats, and part of his artillery over this rugged country: at that time, without doubt, vastly more impracticable than at present."

But Fort Edward is chiefly memorable for the horrible murder of Miss M'Crea, by a party of

Indians, in circumstances peculiarly tragic and affecting. It was an event which not only spread horror and alarm throughout America, but was related with thrills of indignation in England, and particularly in the debates of parliament. The vehement remonstrance of Burke against Indian alliances seems to have been in a measure inspired by the sensation which it produced; and it was doubtless fuel to the fire of old Lord Chatham, when, a few months after the butchery of Fort Edward, he blazed out in that fierce philippic against Lord Suffolk, who had spoken of savages as instruments "which God and nature had put in our hands." Detestable as was a confederacy with Indians, however, and instinctively as the English conscience recoiled from the alliance, it must be remembered that in America it was at least no novelty. It is remarked by Silliman that the French, the English, and the Americans themselves had all partaken in this sin, in the various early wars of the continent.

About half a mile from Fort Edward, and hard by the road-side, still stands a venerable pine-tree, from a mound at whose roots gushes a clear crystal spring. This is pointed out as the spot where the mangled corpse of Miss M'Crea was found. The tree is scored with the scars of bullets, and marked with the lady's name, and the date 1777. To this tree her body is said to have been bound, and pierced with nearly a score of wounds, which crimsoned the spring with her blood. On the same day were massacred a young officer, and a party of soldiers under his command, whose bodies were left in the same place, covered only with some brushwood and ferns.

At Sandhill, where we paused for an hour, we encountered traditions of Indian barbarities, in the history of the old French war of 1758, which, without any romance, were singularly revolting. Fort Anne, at the end of our next stage, was the scene of a hot action, in the advance of Burgoyne, in which the Indians were thought to have contributed something to his success, but even this is doubtful. We had now an easy stage of ten miles to Whitehall, during which we debated with Freke on the merits of the unfortunate general, whose history we had retraced on the road.

The moon was rising over the ravine in which Whitehall appears to be built, when we reached it, and were set down at our inn. This place is the Skenesborough of Burgoyne's despatches, and must have changed its name soon after the close of the war. It so happened that we were detained at this place somewhat longer than we desired to be, and when we got under weigh down the lake, we seemed to have begun a new journey. If I may be allowed to make a similar pause in my story, I will venture, before going further, to recur to the history of Burgoyne's expedition, which, with the knowledge of places that I have endeavored to impart, may possibly be as interesting to others, as it has proved to myself.

These places, and the incidents at which I have rapidly glanced, were, at the close of the last cen-

tury, as familiarly known in England as those of the Peninsular war are at present. While the issue of the revolt was yet undecided, the eloquence of parliament and the conversation of fashionable circles, kept them continually before the world: and long after the termination of the contest, mutual recriminations and impassioned self-defence would not suffer their memory immediately to die. Succeeding events enabled men to forget America for a long while; and when they again recurred to her affairs, it was with no disposition to contend with the award of Providence which had made her a nation. The history of America was English history no more. Yet there is a period in her history up to which an Englishman should be familiar with it; for he who reads the speeches of Burke and Chatham, or reverts to the Johnsonian age of literature, will otherwise be often at a loss how to regard events and facts to which the men of those days always referred with the warmth of political party, but which we can now examine with candor, and judge without prejudice or passion.

No man of that day is more entitled to the candid retrospect of posterity than General Burgoyne, for no one suffered more than he from the heat of contemporaries. I have no other interest in his memory than what has been inspired by my visit to the scenes of his misfortunes, and by the observation that he is respectfully remembered in America, while no one ever hears of him in England. I have, therefore, nothing to present in his defence, but the narrative of his expedition, as illustrating the journey I have described.

The war of the American Revolution opened with some dashing exploits in the north, among which those of Allen and his mountaineers of Vermont are memorable, as well for their eccentricity as for their consequences. Accompanied by the crack-brained adventurer Benedict Arnold, he made a descent upon Lake Champlain, took Ticonderoga by surprise, and reduced the fort at Crown Point. Elated by success, and conceiving it probable that the invasion of Canada would be attended with a rising of the French in favor of the colonies, Arnold obtained a commission from the congress to attempt it, and actually succeeded in leading a small force to Quebec, through incredible difficulties. Emulous of Wolfe, he would stop at nothing short of scaling the heights of Abraham; and by indomitable perseverance he accomplished thus much of his enterprise, and found himself on the scene of Wolfe's death and renown, before Quebec, with less than four hundred men. But there the achievement ceases to bear any resemblance to the event of sixteen years before. Arnold was not wanting in courage, nevertheless; and after an ineffectual attempt to provoke a sortie, finding himself in a condition which would make a siege ridiculous, he was obliged to make a mortifying descent. He returned again, in the depth of winter, with a larger force, under the brave General Montgomery, and was wounded in a daring attempt to storm the city, while Montgomery himself fell in

forcing a barrier at Cape Diamond. Arnold now made a desperate retreat, closely followed by Sir Guy Carleton, the governor of Canada, who had repulsed the attempt on Quebec. As soon as the spring opened, Carleton, who had been joined by Burgoyne, pursued him to Lake Champlain, and, with extraordinary energy, built and fitted a fleet to chase him up the lakes, and regain the forts which had been taken, intending afterwards to press on towards the Hudson. Arnold, with equal activity, prepared a flotilla to meet him, and seems to have commissioned himself as its admiral. It was but small, yet, such as it was, he brought it up to the neighborhood of Cumberland Bay, where is now situated the town of Plattsburgh. The fleet of Sir Guy must have presented a beautiful appearance as it appeared around Cumberland Head, the cape which creates the bay, for it was of no less formidable a force than forty-four transports, twenty gunboats, a radeau, two schooners, and one three-masted ship. Of these, however, only a part could be rendered of service, for the wind was in favor of Arnold, who had also taken an advantageous position with his little squadron, consisting of but one sloop, three schooners, and several gondolas or galleys. For six hours he stood fire like a salamander, and then, favored by a dark night and a wind which sprang up from the north, he escaped with his shattered fleet, and made his way up the lake unperceived. Pursued by Carleton the next day, he maintained a running fire until his leaky and disabled vessels could do no more; on which, driving them aground, and landing his marines, he set them on fire, escaped to the shore, and so made his way through the woods to Crown Point, and thence to Ticonderoga. Carleton lost no time in reducing the former fortress; but his delay in building the squadron had made it now too late to carry out his projected advance to the Hudson, and he did no more, but returned to Canada, apparently satisfied with having destroyed all hopes of exciting a revolt among the French, or of shutting out the royal troops from the St. Lawrence.

In the spring of the following year, Burgoyne, who had been to England in the mean time, superseded Carleton as governor of Canada, who, though an efficient officer and an accomplished gentleman, seems to have given some momentary dissatisfaction to the ministry. It was the ambition of the new governor to force a passage to the Hudson, and, by the aid of Sir Henry Clinton, to open a direct communication with New York, seizing the intermediate posts, and so cutting off all connection between New England and the army in the south. This plan, had it been successful, would probably have put an end to the war; and as nothing less than so splendid a result was the object of Burgoyne's expedition, it may be imagined with what anxiety it was watched by the congress, and prepared for by the vigilance of Washington.

In June, 1777, the new governor ascended Lake Champlain. He was attended by a powerful ar-

mament, consisting, besides the regular troops, of Canadian rangers, German mercenaries, and a ferocious retinue of savages. He immediately invested the fort at Ticonderoga, by land and water, bringing his gun-boats and frigates to a point just beyond the range of the guns of the fort, and sending part of his troops to the eastern shore of the lake. Over against the fortress, a little to the south, and hardly a thousand yards distant, rises the inaccessible sugar-loaf summit of Mount Defiance, and with great energy the British general immediately commenced the construction of a road up the rough sides of this mountain. St. Clair, who was in command of the fort, and prepared to defend it vigorously, having received special instructions from congress, and knowing himself to be watched with the deepest anxiety by the whole country, looked up one morning, and found the summit occupied by a strong battery, under command of Burgoyne himself, who had dragged his cannon up the precipitous ascent, with an activity and enterprise worthy of Wolfe. It was now planted where it could, at any moment, pour death and destruction into the fort, from which not a ball could be returned with any effect. The heights of Mount Defiance, as the name imports, had been supposed to defy escalade; and the dismay of St. Clair may be imagined when he thus beheld his garrison not only exposed to the fire, but also to the jeers of the enemy, who could observe his every manœuvre, and count every man within his walls. The astounded general did all that remained for him to do. He contrived to start a flotilla up the lake, with some stores and baggage, towards Skenesborough, and, crossing to the eastern shore, commenced his retreat through Vermont, pursued by a detachment under Generals Frazer and Reidesel, who brought him to action next day at Castleton, from whence he further retreated to Fort Edward. General Phillips, on the other shore, ascended Lake George, and captured the fort at its head, forcing Schuyler to Fort Edward, where St. Clair joined him, and both together continued the retreat down the Hudson. Burgoyne himself pursued the flotilla to Skenesborough, destroyed it, and followed the American troops, who had evacuated the place, retreating to the Hudson. Before he could reach Fort Edward, he was obliged to clear the roads of innumerable trees which had been felled and thrown in his way; and, besides contending with other obstacles, to fight one obstinate battle at Fort Anne. It was August before he arrived, and then came the unavoidable and fatal delay which I have noticed, in transporting supplies from Lake George.

It was while he was advancing towards Fort Edward, that the ungovernable ferocity of his Indian mercenaries became so painfully apparent, by the butchery of Miss M'Crea, and the massacre, of which the tragically dramatic particulars are these:—As he approached the Hudson, he was met by an American loyalist of the name of Jones, whose adhesion to the royal standard he rewarded by an appointment to a command. The gentle-



man was betrothed to a young lady of great beauty, residing a few miles below Fort Edward; and, becoming alarmed for her safety, he begged permission to have her brought into the British camp, which was already graced by the presence of two elegant women, the Baroness Reidesel and the Lady Harriet Ackland. He contrived to send her word to repair to the house of a relative near Fort Edward, and there to await a convoy which he would send to conduct her further. What the unhappy gentleman deemed a convoy, or what prevented his going in person for his affianced bride, does not now appear; but at the set time he despatched a party of savages on the gallant errand, promising them a barrel of rum as an incentive to their fidelity. With some misgivings, perhaps, as to the wisdom of their commission, he seems almost immediately afterwards to have sent off a second party of Indians, with promise of a like reward. The lady was at the appointed place when the first party arrived, and, with her entertainer, was not a little alarmed at their appearance. Their conduct, however, was friendly, and they delivered a letter from her lover, assuring her that she might safely confide in their respectful behavior and diligent care. With the heroism of her sex, in circumstances so trying, she obeyed without hesitation, suffered herself to be placed upon horseback, and set off with her savage attendants. Just at this time a picket, under one Lieut. Van Vechten, had been surprised near the springs which I have described in my journey, by the second party of Indians, who massacred and scalped the officer and several of his men. The convoy approached the spring with Miss M'Crea just as the horrid tragedy had concluded, and immediately began to dispute with the other party, with furious outcries and ferocious gestures. The horrors of the unfortunate young lady, as she saw the rising passions of her conductors, must be imagined; but she could not have understood the nature of their quarrel, which was as to which party should have the custody of her person, and so secure the promised reward. The defenceless creature remained a passive spectator of the combatants, who began to belabor each other with their muskets. The alarm which had been given by the picket, had caused the officer in command of Fort Edward to send a company of soldiers to the aid of Van Vechten, and as these were now seen approaching, one of the chiefs, to terminate the strife, discharged his musket at Miss M'Crea, who instantly fell. Then, seizing her by her hair, which was long and flowing, he cut the scalp, and dashed it into the face of his antagonist with a fiendish yell. After inflicting several additional wounds, both parties retreated towards Fort Anne, and tradition reports that on their way they so far compromised their quarrel as to divide their trophy; so that, on arriving at the fort, and meeting their impatient employer, each of the chiefs exhibited half of the scalp, and claimed a proportionate payment. That Jones' own scalp was so far affected as to turn white in a single night we may readily believe, and that he soon

died of a broken heart is a still more credible part of the story. Who can wonder that such an event rendered the name of Burgoyne a bugbear to scare babies in all the neighboring country; or that the massacre of Fort Edward, after inspiring the indignation of Burke, and rekindling the expiring ardor of Chatham, was cast into the teeth of Burgoyne himself, when he took his seat as a senator in the British parliament! That such an attack was unjust and unmerciful, the facts of the case, which were long misrepresented, sufficiently prove; yet, as Cardinal de Retz said of the Parisians, that he who convoked them made an *emeute*—so it is true historically that whoever armed the American Indians made them "hell-hounds of war."

It was at Fort Edward that the disasters of the expedition began to present themselves to the British general as formidable. A detachment of Germans who had made a circuit into Vermont, after the reduction of Ticonderoga, had been defeated in a battle at Bennington, and now with great difficulty rejoined the army, diminished in numbers, deprived of their commander, who had been killed, and stripped of their baggage and artillery. Another excursion under St. Leger had been but partially successful; and as the result of both these unfortunate episodes, Burgoyne found himself shorn of one sixth part of his troops. While he was sending his baggage-wagons to Lake George, moreover, the American army, now recruited to a force of ten thousand men, began to come back from the Mohawk, desirous of bringing him to an engagement. It would have been prudent, perhaps, had he fallen back upon Skenesborough, and awaited further supplies from Canada; but *vestigia nulla retrorsum* is a pardonable motto for the pride of an English general. As soon as he was able, therefore, he set forward; crossed the Hudson on a bridge of boats; foraged on the estates of General Schuyler, and burned his seat at Schuylerville, and so advanced to Stillwater, where he drew up his line before the American intrenchments on the 18th of September. The next day a manœuvre of some of the troops seeking a better position, was mistaken by General Gates for an intended assault. A counter movement was made by the Americans, which produced a collision, and the engagement soon became general. It was desperately maintained, and continued through the day, the battle ending where it had begun, when it was too dark to see. Burgoyne claimed a victory, and the American general, Wilkinson, confesses a drawn game; but it was such a victory as rendered another battle almost sure defeat. "It was one of the largest, warmest, and most obstinate battles," says Wilkinson, "ever fought in America."

Burgoyne found himself weakened by this conflict, but Gates was daily receiving new accessions to his strength. The decisive action was postponed, on both accounts no doubt, till the 7th of October. In the afternoon of that day a strong detachment of the British troops, advancing towards the American left wing with ten pieces of artillery,

for the purpose of protecting a forage party, was furiously attacked, and the action almost immediately involved the whole force of both armies. The right wing of the English was commanded by General Frazer, the idol of the army, and admired by none more heartily than by his foes. The first shock of the battle was sustained by him, and by the grenadiers under Colonel Ackland, who were terribly slaughtered, while the colonel fell dangerously wounded. Frazer, exposing himself in the hottest of the fight, and conspicuously mounted on an iron-gray, seemed the very soul of the battle, and showed himself everywhere, bringing his men into the action. His extraordinary efficiency, and the enthusiasm with which he inspired the ranks, was noticed by the Americans; and Colonel Morgan, of the Virginia riflemen, to whom he was immediately opposed, smitten with the incomparable generalship of his antagonist, is said to have resolved upon his fall. Drawing two of his best marksmen aside, he pointed to his adversary and said, "Do you see yonder gallant officer? It is General Frazer. I admire and esteem him, *but it is necessary that he should die*: take your places, and do your duty." In a few minutes he fell from his horse mortally wounded.

Burgoyne commanded the whole line in person, directing every movement, and did all that valor and heroism could do to supply the places of the brave officers whose destruction he observed with anguish. Twice he received a bullet, either of which might have been fatal—one passing through his beaver, and the other grazing his breast. The Earl of Balcarres distinguished himself in rallying the disheartened infantry; and Breyman, commanding the German flank, fell dead on the field. The Brunswickers scattered like sheep, before a man of them had been killed or wounded, and some German grenadiers, who served with more spirit behind a breast-work, were driven from their stockade at the point of the bayonet. The American general remained in camp, overlooking the field; but his officers fought bravely, and none more so than Benedict Arnold, who hated him, and was smarting under disgrace. This hot-brained fellow, however, had no business to be there. He was not only disobeying orders, but actually at this time had no command in the army; and yet, being in rank the first officer on the field, he flew about issuing orders, which were generally obeyed. Gates, indignant at his presumption, despatched a messenger after him; but Arnold, understanding the design, evaded the message by dashing into a part of the fight where no one would follow him. He seemed to court death, acting more like a madman than a soldier, and driving up to the very muzzles of the artillery. It is singular that to this execrable traitor, as he afterwards showed himself, was owing the whole merit of the manœuvre which closed the day, and decided in favor of America a battle upon which her destinies hung suspended. Flourishing his sword, and animating the troops by his voice and reckless contempt of danger, he brought them up to the Hes-

sian intrenchment, carried it by assault, and, while spurring into the sally-port, received a shot in his leg, which killed his horse upon the spot. It was this crowning exploit that forced Burgoyne back to his camp, from which, during the night, he made a creditable movement of his troops to higher grounds without further loss. In the morning, the abandoned camp was occupied by the Americans, who played upon his new position with an incessant cannonade.

The anecdotes of this battle are full of interest, and some of them worthy of perpetual remembrance. Soon after the decisive turn of the action, Wilkinson, the American officer whom I have already quoted, was galloping over the field to execute some order, when he heard a wounded person cry out—*Protect me, sir, against that boy*. He turned and saw a British officer wounded in both legs, who had been carried to a remote part of the field, and left in the angle of a fence, and at whom a lad of about fourteen was coolly aiming a musket. Wilkinson was so fortunate as to arrest the atrocious purpose of the youngster, and inquiring the officer's rank, was answered—"I had the honor to command the grenadiers." He of course knew it to be Colonel Ackland, and humanely dismounted, helped him to a horse, and, with a servant to take care of him, sent him to the American camp.

In his own narrative, Burgoyne did ample justice to the rest of this story; but it will bear to be told again to another generation. The Lady Harriet Ackland, as I have already said, was in the British camp. She had accompanied her husband to Quebec, and in the campaign of 1776 had followed him to a poor hut at Chambly, where he had fallen sick, and there, exposing himself to every fatigue and danger, had assiduously ministered to his comfort. She was left at Ticonderoga, under positive injunctions to remain there; but her husband receiving a wound in the affair at Castleton, while pursuing St. Clair, she again followed him, and became his nurse. After this, refusing to return, she was transported in such a cart as could be constructed in the camp, to the different halting-places of the army, always accompanying her husband with the grenadiers, and sharing the peculiar exposures of the vanguard. At Stillwater she occupied a tent, adjoining the house in which Frazer expired, and which was the lodge of the Baroness Reidesel, who with a similar fidelity had followed the fortunes of her husband, accompanied by her three little children. Lady Ackland is described by Burgoyne as one of the most delicate, as well as the most lovely, of her sex. She was bred to all the luxuries and refinements incident to birth and fortune, and while thus enduring the fatigues of military life, was far advanced in the state in which the hardiest matron requires the tenderest and most particular defence.

If, notwithstanding the inconveniences of such a presence, the residence of these ladies in the British camp had thrown additional radiance on the sunniest days of hope and success, it may well be

imagined that they seemed as angels in the eyes of wounded and dying men, to whom they ministered like sisters or mothers. The baroness herself has left a touching account of the scenes through which she passed, in that rude shed on the Hudson. "On the 7th of October," she says, "our misfortunes began." She had invited Burgoyne, with Generals Phillips and Frazer, to dine with her husband; but, as the hour arrived, she observed a movement among the troops, and some Indians, in their war finery, passing the house, gave her notice of the approaching battle by their yells of exultation. Immediately after, she heard the report of artillery, which grew louder and louder, till the skies seemed coming down. At four o'clock, her little table standing ready, instead of the cheerful guests for whom she had prepared, General Frazer was brought in helpless and faint with his wound. Away went the untasted banquet, and a bed was set in its place, on which the pale sufferer was laid. A surgeon examined the wound, and pronounced it mortal. The ball had passed through the stomach, which was unfortunately distended by a bountiful breakfast. The general desired to know the worst, and, on learning his extremity, simply requested that he might be buried on the hill, beside the house, where a redoubt had been erected, at the hour of six in the evening; but the baroness afterward heard him sigh frequently—"Oh, fatal ambition—poor General Burgoyne—oh, my poor wife!" The wounded officers were continually brought in, till the little hut became an hospital. General Reidesel came to the house for a moment, towards nightfall, but it was only to whisper to his wife to pack up her movables, and be ready at any moment to retreat. His dejected countenance told the rest. Soon after, Lady Ackland was informed of her husband's misfortune, and that he was a prisoner in the American camp.

Consoling her distressed companion and ministering to the wounded gentlemen—hushing her little ones lest they should disturb General Frazer, and collecting her camp-furniture for the anticipated remove—thus did the fair Reidesel spend the long dark night that followed. Towards three in the morning, they told her that the general showed signs of speedy dissolution; and, lest they should interfere with the composure of the dying man, she wrapped up her little ones and carried them into the cellar. He lingered till eight o'clock, frequently apologizing to the lady for the trouble he caused her. All day long, the body in its winding-sheet lay in the little room among the sufferers, the ladies moving about in their charitable ministries, with these lamentable sights before them, and the dreadful cannonade incessantly in their ears. General Gates, now in possession of the British trenches, was assailing the new position of the troops, which, with the house occupied by the baroness, was becoming every hour more untenable. Burgoyne had decided upon a further retreat; but, magnanimously resolved to fulfil General Frazer's request to the letter, would not

stir till six o'clock. This was the more noble, as the enemy was now advancing, and had set fire to a house not far off, which was building for the better accommodation of the Reidesel. At the hour, the corpse was brought out, amid these impressive scenes of fire and slaughter, and under the constant roar of artillery. It was attended by all the generals to the redoubt. The procession not being understood, and attracting the notice of the American general, was made the mark of the cannon, and the balls began to fall thick and heavy around the grave. Several passed near the baroness, as she stood trembling for her husband at the door of the lodge. Burgoyne himself has described this remarkable funeral, to which, owing to the intrepidity of the priest, the rites of the church were not wanting. The balls bounded upon the redoubt, and scattered the earth alike upon the corpse and the train of mourners; but "with steady attitude, and unaltered voice," says Burgoyne, the clergyman, Mr. Brudenel, read the burial service, rendered doubly solemn by the danger, the booming of the artillery, and the constant fall of shot. The shades of a clouded evening were closing upon that group of heroes, and they seemed to be standing together in the shadow of death; but some good angel waved his wing around the holy rite, and not one of them was harmed.

That night the army commenced its retreat, leaving the hospital, with three hundred sick and wounded, to the mercy of General Gates, who took charge of them with the greatest humanity. Lady Ackland demanded to be sent to her husband; but Burgoyne could only offer her an open boat in which to descend the Hudson, and the night was rainy. Nothing daunted, she accepted the offer, to the astonishment of Burgoyne, who, on a piece of dirty wet paper, scrawled a few words, commending her to General Gates, and suffered her to embark. What a voyage, in the storm and darkness, on those lone waters of the Hudson! The American sentinel heard the approach of oars, and hailed the advancing stranger. Her only watchword was—a woman! The sentinel may be forgiven for scarce trusting his senses, and refusing to let such an apparition go on shore, till a superior officer could be heard from; but it was a cheerless delay for the faithful wife. As soon, however, as it was known that Lady Ackland was the stranger, she was welcomed to the American camp, where, "it is due to justice," says Burgoyne, "to say that she was received with all the humanity and respect that her rank, her merits, and her fortunes deserved."

The Hudson girdled the forlorn intrenchments to which the British general now retired, and its fords were all in possession of the American forces. By means of these fords they had regained the forts on Lake George, and the road to Skenesborough, and all retreat was cut off—even the desperate retreat which Burgoyne had proposed, of abandoning artillery and baggage, and carrying nothing away but bodies and souls. Yet for six



days his proud soul stood firm, unable to endure or even face the thought of surrender. The American batteries were constantly at play upon his camp. Blood was the price of the water which they were forced to bring from the river. The house which contained the baroness and her children, hiding in the cellar, was riddled with shot. A soldier, whose leg was under the knife of the surgeon, had the other carried off by a ball as he lay upon the table. After six such days, even Burgoyne saw that there was no hope. He signed "the articles of convention," and the next day surrendered in the field of Saratoga. "From that day," says a British writer, "America was a nation."

After the surrender, the Baroness Reidesel went to join her husband in the American camp. Seated in a calash with her children, she drove through the American lines, presenting such a touching picture of female virtue, as awed even the common soldiers, and moved them to tears as she passed along. She was met by a gentleman who had once enjoyed the command of the army in which she thus became a guest; one whose patriotism no injury from his country could disaffect, and whose gallantry and politeness no severity from his foes could disarm. Taking the children from the calash, he affectionately kissed them, and presenting his hand to their mother, said pleasantly—"You tremble, madam! I beg you not to be afraid." She replied—"Sir, your manner emboldens me; I am sure you must be a husband and a father!" She soon found that it was General Schuyler: and he afterwards had the happiness of entertaining both her and General Reidesel, with Lady Ackland, her husband, and Burgoyne himself, at his hospitable mansion in Albany, "not as enemies," says the baroness, "but as friends." While thus entertained, Burgoyne said one day to his host, "You show me much kindness, though I have done you much harm." "It was the fortune of war," answered Schuyler; "let us say no more on the subject." The author of "*Hochelaga*" adds the following painful story, with reference to Colonel Ackland. On a public occasion in England, he heard a person speaking of the Americans as cowards. "He indignantly rebuked the libeller of his gallant captors; a duel ensued the next morning, and the noble and grateful soldier was carried home a corpse."

Of poor General Burgoyne, we have partially anticipated the subsequent history. His military career closed with this defeat; and though, on his return to England, he took a seat in parliament, his chief business, as a senator, appears to have been his own defence against repeated assaults from his enemies. Though he is said to have carried to his grave the appearance of a discouraged and broken man, he amused himself with literary pursuits, and in 1786 was the popular author of a successful play, entitled "*The Heir-*

*ess*." About six years later he was privately committed to his grave in Westminster Abbey.

At this distance of time, I see no reason why the field of Saratoga may not be regarded by Englishmen, as well as by Americans, with emotions as near akin to pleasure as the horrors of carnage will allow. It is a field from which something of honor flows to all parties concerned, and in the singular history of which even our holy religion, and the virtues of domestic life, were nobly illustrated. On the one side was patriotism, on the other loyalty; on both sides courtesy. If the figures of the picture are at first fierce and repulsive—the figures of brethren armed against brethren, of mercenary Germans and frantic savages, Canadian rangers and American ploughmen, all bristling together with the horrid front of war—what a charm of contrast is presented, when among these stern and forbidding groups is beheld the form of a Christian woman moving to and fro, disarming every heart of every emotion but reverence, softening the misfortunes of defeat, and checking the elation of victory! The American may justly tread that battle-ground with veneration for the achievement which secured to his country a place among the nations of the world, but not without a holy regard for the disasters, which were as the travail-throes of England, in giving her daughter birth. And the Briton, acknowledging the necessity of the separation, as arising from the nature of things, may always feel that it was happily effected at Saratoga, where, if British fortune met with a momentary reverse, British valor was untarnished; and where history, if she declines to add the name of a new field to the ancient catalogue of England's victories, turns to a fairer page, and gives a richer glory than that of conquest to her old renown, as she records the simple story of female virtue, heroism, fidelity, and piety, and inscribes the name of Lady HARRIET ACKLAND.

CONSUMPTION.—Sir James Clark, physician to the queen, enumerates, as the exciting causes of consumption, "long confinement in close, ill-ventilated rooms, whether nurseries, school-rooms, or manufactories;" he also says, "If an infant, born in perfect health, and of the healthiest parents, be kept in close rooms, in which free ventilation and cleanliness are neglected, a few months will often suffice to induce tuberculous cachexia"—the beginning of consumption. Persons engaged in confined close rooms, or workshops, are the chief sufferers from consumption: thus, of the 233 tailors who died in one district in London, in 1839, 123 died of diseases of the lungs, of whom ninety-two died of consumption. Of fifty-two milliners, dying in the same year, thirty-three died from diseases of the lungs, of whom twenty-eight died from consumption. Dr. Guy reports, that in a close printers' room, he found seventeen men at work, of whom three had spitting of blood, two had affections of the lungs, and five had constant and severe colds. After reading these sad facts, who can deny that the chief cause of consumption is the respiration of bad air!—*Ventilation Illustrated*.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 22d March, 1848.

It is just a month since this capital has been in constant estuation. The process is marvellous, because so many of the worst effects to be expected do not happen. No individual is molested, no one proscribed; the ministry alone have been judicially arraigned. Incessant multitudinous processions are all peaceable, nay, even good-humored. The concourse of workmen before the Hotel de Ville, who barred the way to the old national guard, with whom they had some reason to be angry, did so with gentle resoluteness and more in the spirit of play than battle. Fresh excitement is produced by the hourly and stupendous intelligence from without, yet no excesses are committed. The *National*, of this day, pronounces all violence to be henceforth an anachronism; the monster-meetings, the deputations, the clubs, to be safety-valves—and the numberless new journals and placards in particular. That paper even ridicules the fertility of the patriotic brains intent on remedies for the financial crisis; every one able to scribble thinks that he has the spring of Pactolus in his inkstand.

The spirit of democracy moves, like a whirlwind, over the surface of the continent. Reference is made, not with profane feeling, to the creation as described in the first book of Moses. We are not, however, in France, out of darkness and chaos, completely; and the storm, we fear, has not done fulfilling His word. Old institutions, say our present oracles, are tumbling everywhere; society is undergoing a thorough transformation; we must rebuild at once upon new principles and with new materials. How fortunate for you in the United States, that you possess so admirable an order political and social; that your ample experience should render you perfectly content; that you should deprecate all innovations, and be authorized to invite the rest of the world to conform as closely as possible to your model. Professor Michel Chevalier, who systematically decried American democracy, now, in the same journal, the *Débats*, signalizes and celebrates it for the contemplation of his country. He relates what he saw of the fat living of the American people without exception, in contrast with the wretched fare of the French masses. He holds up American example of individual self-reliance, to rebuke the French habit, now seen here in all its force and mischief, of looking to government for impulse and relief in whatsoever difficulty and pursuit.

After learning, as we have to-day, the full capitulation of the Emperor of Austria, and the Kings of Prussia and Hanover, to the radical or liberal multitudes, not, indeed, without sanguinary conflicts, we shall not be surprised to read—perhaps, to-morrow or the end of the month, that republican revolutions have been consummated at Constantinople and in Egypt. Assurance is expressed on every side that royalty will quickly disappear from Portugal, Greece, Naples, and the Austrian power from Italy—that Poland will be resuscitated, and that England, needing, observes the *National*,

social regeneration more than any other part of Europe, cannot escape the general doom. The *Courrier Français* of this morning reports that the southern provinces of the Russian empire are in full insurrection, the nobility and the army being “at the head of the movement.” According to a letter from Vienna, the emperor, when his aristocracy and statesmen had absconded, exclaimed to the people—“What others shall we drive out!” Such is imperial patronage and gratitude! Louis Philippe and his family were deserted by the courtiers whom they had most distinguished and enriched, and they are feasting “in good health and spirits” at the royal British palaces, reckless, we may presume, of the fate of their old friends, and of the woful change in the domestic fortunes and personal positions of many thousands of their functionaries and votaries.

It is noted from Algeria that the Arabs seem to be much excited; they perceive the occurrence of a great catastrophe, without comprehending exactly what it is—what it portends. The Spanish government is resolved, by the law which suspends the constitution, into a military despotism, with the dictatorship of Narvaez. He affects to prepare, by new levies, against a French invasion; the French republic is the simple peril of his dictatorship and the throne of the “innocent” Isabel. Emperor Nicholas, too, arrays and strengthens his armies, in order, says the ukase, to stem the pernicious torrent of anarchy rushing from France through Germany. The Danes, believing that a Russian fleet was to be despatched to the Mediterranean, in aid of the King of Naples, bestirred themselves to plant their cannon to prevent it from passing the sound.

We have an energetic address, by their grand central committee, of the students of the Paris schools, to those of Austria. You may recollect how considerable part the pupils of the universities took in the insurrections at Coimbra and Pisa. The German have not proved recreant. The Danish and Swedish are busy. Possibly, the democratic *afflatus* will penetrate into the old aristocratic fortresses of Oxford and Cambridge, Eton and Westminster. How long can the British monarchy and oligarchy stand, alone, when the *Universal Republic*, shouted yesterday at our Hotel de Ville, shall beam from this and the western continent? At Rome, there is a new and quite liberal ministry—ten laymen and only three ecclesiastics. Cardinal Mezzofanti, the first of linguists, is placed over the department of public instruction. It will be difficult for the Holy See to preserve the substance of temporal dominion. Foreign support is now out of the question. Pius IX. must have been gratified with the following phrase in one of the Sardinian addresses—“That Italy which your benediction has awakened to a new life.” A belief prevailed at Rome that the Jesuits were about to dissolve their society, of their own accord.

Accounts came yesterday of popular riots at Dresden. The troops refused to fire on the multitude. The sanguinary and destructive commo-

tions at Munich were provoked by the supposed return of the king of Bavaria's famous strumpet, *Lola-Montes*. This heroine was once familiar to all eyes in Paris, and notorious as a courtesan in the orgies of the libertine and knavish band whom the murder of Dujarrier in a duel dispersed through the prisons. When she was invested with title and estate, the Bavarians of all ranks shuddered at their degradation. It was an outrage of royalty on high and low, never to be forgiven. In hunting out such a woman as an object of vengeance—in the personal protection which the infatuated monarch, a sexagenarian, endeavored to afford her—the lowest of the mob could scarcely have failed to be conscious of a double disgrace. Where has not royalty earned prostration?

The substitution of the rule of the people, in Germany, for that of the old courts and cabinets, seems to relieve France of all prospect of war. This result is hailed, with strong voice, in many of our journals, because it may enable the government to reduce the army, and thus, with other curtailments and savings, create a just confidence in the public finances. War, it is remarked besides, would inevitably bring about a dictatorship, and spoil all our visions of a philanthropic republic. Moreover, the new government professes to depend, entirely, on the favor of the people; it could not, consistently, employ troops as a general internal police or coercion; the attempt, at all events, would be vain, as the fate of the Orleans dynasty proves. On the other hand, the government is not in the least disposed to denude itself or the country, in reference to foreign and domestic uncertainties: it knows that some imposing military means can be deemed necessary for proper estimation in France; that the monarchical parties and predilections are far from being extinguished in any division of the country, that a civil war may be hazarded against the inflexible republican resolve; that royalty on the continent, if more than scotched, is not killed; that the French republic must take her stand, as the antagonist, though not aggressive, of all the monarchy which may survive; the autocrat of all the Russias denounces the explosions in Western Europe, as "indicating the guilty purpose of overthrowing all the legitimate powers," and arrays four hundred thousand men to be marched to the western frontiers of his empire; the sovereigns who have accepted the terms of the people, whether in the north, in Germany, in Holland, even in Italy, have done so from fear and under duress; they would secretly or openly abet every aim and all actions tending to frustrate and cripple French democracy; the language held by the British ministry, a few days ago, in the debates on the army and navy supplies, admonished France—whatever assurances of a pacific spirit and policy might come from that quarter—to hold herself ready to spread and preponderate on the continent in the measure as it were of the supremacy which Great Britain meditated on the seas and coasts, by her four hundred and sixty ships of war, including one hundred and twenty-one steamers—

the boast of her secretary of the admiralty. Besides, if matters on the continent should take a turn repugnant or threatening to France, or not be settled to her security and satisfaction, she could hardly refrain from indulging her martial propensities and power. The army has been deranged, indeed, but not broken in its frames; the force in Algeria, which conquest and province the republic will cherish, requires due supplies; a corps of observation is indispensable on each frontier, although, doubtless, the new institutions and ascendencies on the Italian, Swiss and northern sides, serve as ramparts or breakers against prompt invasion. We find that General Cavaignac, just appointed governor-general of Algeria, has been called to the direction of the war department in Paris, and General Changarnier appointed to succeed him in the province. After Bugeaud and Lamoricière, Changarnier had won the most laurels and authority; he was entitled, in the first instance, to the command; he has just arrived in Paris; the provisional government did not wish to continue such a man here, as a malecontent. It was said that the war-office had been assigned to General Schramm, who is superior in all respects to Cavaignac. The prelibation of the republican process has already been so bitter for the middle and upper classes, that a large proportion of them might not be sorry for the success of an attempt, by some determined military chief, to establish a new sway with thirty or fifty thousand lieges of the line; nor might they vehemently object against a war which would enable the provisional government to send off to the frontiers the hordes whom it feeds and clothes, and so adroitly flatters and organizes into disposable national guards. In the population of thirty-five millions, so excitable, mercurial and sentimental, there is an immense body of extremely poor and illiterate youth ready to be converted into the soldiery, and to march whithersoever under banners with the inscription, Liberty and Glory, and at the sound of the Marseilles. In the Champs Elysées, at present, the spectacle is curious and characteristic, of thousands of laborers, with wheel-barrows and pick-axes, proceeding to their work in military rank and step, with tri-colored flags and democratic devices.

No French procession to the Hotel de Ville has pleased me more than that of the water-carriers, who passed under my windows on the 21st ult. The great majority of them are from the mountains of Auvergne; robust men in their holiday suits, and in general of respectable appearance. They walked five or six abreast, extending from the end of the garden of the Tuileries, on the Rue de Rivoli, to the corner of the palace—in all about three thousand. The first rank carried three large garlands, each on a cushion, and inscribed *Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity*—fine words, which are stamped on the front and sides of the chateau, and every public edifice of the capital. The journeymen tailors mustered five thousand; the minister of the interior complimented them on the depth of their political stud-



ies. The number of the pedlars, or itinerant dealers, was not less: good republicans, and faithful adherents, in their address, to the provisional government. This day, a deputation of the oyster-trade, soliciting more comprehensive protection for the growth and fishery of their article, were graciously received, and assured of the solicitude of the republic for their welcome. Another of the ceremonies of the morning was the erection of the tree of liberty in the *Champs de Mars*, under the benediction of the clergy, and the auspices of the minister of the interior, who promised the legions of operatives, (*travailleurs*), his sympathetic auditors, that "the dust of the thrones on which the sloth of kings reposed, would be dissipated by the popular breath." He claimed for the French armies, whose exploits and patriotism he commemorated, the brotherhood and trust of the worthy million. Most of the members of the government have poured out their joy at the overthrow of the absolute monarchies. The delegates of the different corporations of workmen, three hundred, hold, with the special government committee, their daily sittings in the splendid chamber of the ex-peers, occupying the seats of the patricians. This, and the external and internal changes in the aspect and appropriations of the palace of the Tuileries, form the most remarkable of the contrasts with the sights of January. Just as the delegates were leaving the hall on the 20th, Louis Blanc, the head of the committee, reëntered, out of breath with delight—"My friends, come back, I have fine news for you; our republic triumphs all over Europe. Our honorable colleague, the minister of foreign affairs, has just informed me that Austria is in revolution," (explosion of plaudits—cries of joy;) "yes, so much in revolution, that Metternich has fled"—(immense enthusiasm.)

Paris, 23d March, 1848.

This is the least animated day since the 20th ult.: the *Mouiteur* has no electrical decree; the principal is an allotment of 250,000 fr. for the construction of a temporary hall for the national assembly. One end of the Tuileries is assigned to the staff of the national guard—a desirable neighborhood. No important addition yet (noon) to the foreign news. I have just returned from an extensive walk on the boulevards, and through various main streets, and the Palais Royal. The fresh placards and caricatures, entertaining in a high degree, attract crowds to the corners and shop windows. No trades flourish like those of news-vending and bill-sticking. Among my purchases, is *Louis Philippe* discharging the contents of his stomach, with the line underneath—*Effects of a banquet*. It is irresistibly comic, but rather too gross. Another bargain is one of the five franc pieces just struck at the mint—*La République Française* on one side; on the other, *Hercules*, with figures of liberty and labor; three sous the premium—an old piece in exchange. An eminent banker whom I met, informed me that the premium on gold (for notes of the Bank

of France) is from twelve to eighteen per cent. still—on silver only two or three—on bank of England notes about ten. Bankruptcies multiply; credit hardly revives; yet there is more vague hope as to the mercantile and currency crisis. I have seen letters from the ports of Marseilles, Nantes, and Havre, fraught with the gloomiest accounts of embarrassment and stoppage. Havre suffers above all; we fear evil consequences at New York. Collapse from inordinate extension of engagement and business before the revolution, is as much the case, or nearly, as the perturbation and deficits occasioned by that shock.

I am so frequently interrupted, and shall be so until the post hour, that I must refer you, for "the body and pressure of the times," to the newspaper paragraphs, and official documents which I enclose. Be content with them, and the following medley from my note-book.

Cogent remonstrance, yesterday, of the *Journal des Débats* against a flux of paper-money. Writer (probably Chevalier) avers that the United States were ruined by it twice—in their first and second wars with England: and that it ruined Great Britain also, in the French war, and France too, in her struggle. American ruin is quite supportable, though repeated. Paper-money has destroyed hosts of individuals, but has never yet inflicted lasting injury on any country. France can bear as large emissions as she needs, in her present predicament. The subject is ably treated in a recent article of the *London Morning Herald*. Tomorrow the Bank of France will issue notes of a hundred francs—the minimum for her. The late government and the conservative majorities, foolishly limited her to two hundred. This day, the *Débats* expresses absolute confidence in peace, which may remedy all ills of the hour. Though the kings, except Louis Philippe, have not topped entirely, the people, everywhere, to the confines of Russia, remain master. France can exagitate her republic without molestation.

Compare the allocutions of the King of Prussia, three, two, one, years ago, his theorem a *Deo rex, a rege lex*, with his addresses since the bloody affray in Berlin. He beseeches a truce of his "dear Berlinese"—his "beautiful and faithful city,"—and his queen "that loved them, their true, sincere mother and friend, very sick, unites her honest prayers, accompanied with tears, to his own." How humble and pathetic! So, perhaps, would have prayed his royal brother of Naples, if the people had besieged Ferdinand when he was bombarding his fine cities of Palermo and Messina. What can be meaner than the King of Bavaria's final order of the day proscribing Lola-Montes? The fresh reports of the events of the 18th at Berlin, and the results of the popular victory of Vienna, possess lively interest. Burke complained eloquently of the sophists and calculators, for regarding a king as a man, and a queen as a woman. The kings and queens of our day learn ruefully to believe it themselves. The Emperor of Austria "meets the wishes of his faithful

people." I cannot find the term *subjects* in any of the royal proclamations. All the liberties and reforms which were so haughtily refused and criminated, are now piteously acknowledged to be due and excellent. Who, then, should be held responsible for the blood and ravage which the wresting of them has cost?

All the committees and clubs of our capital are intent on the preliminaries to the elections. It is understood that the government will not postpone those for the national assembly, or if so, a very brief period. They will take place next month—nine millions of electors. The republican party strike while the iron is hot. Naturally they strive to get all for themselves. "None except republicans," says the *National* of this morning, "are capable of inaugurating the republic."

The theatres of Paris are thinly attended, while the club halls overflow. Bankruptcy has overtaken the managers of some of the largest; the actors continue the management by association—the all in all republican principle. Prices of seats have been materially reduced; in the old classical *Théâtre Français*—of which the name is idly altered to *Théâtre de la République*—the amphitheatre is only ten sous, the galleries twenty, the second boxes fifty. Racine will have a strange audience. A journalist says—"The middle classes are now set aside, as the upper and lower were in 1830."

Corporal punishment is abolished in the navy, as well as the army. Admiral Baudin boasts, in address to his squadron, that the *reform* is unique. It is expected that a saving of about a million of francs annually will be achieved by modifications and purgations of the *personnel* of the army. The immense moral and political responsibility of France to the cause of liberty in Europe, in her present conduct, is well expounded and urged in most of the journals. I have counted nine new oracles within the five days past, several of them are ably edited—*Le Salut Public*, and *L'Assemblée Nationale*, in particular.

The public honors, which have been paid to the corpse and memory of John Quincy Adams, do us infinite credit and service on this side of the Atlantic. They are properly noticed by the Paris press. Even the London Standard is conciliated to applause and wonder. Two of the French archbishops, (cardinals,) and several of the bishops, in their encyclical letters, point to the American institutions as yielding admirable lessons of real liberty, tried success, and matchless prosperity, for France in her great experiment. Some of the law-officers, recently appointed heads of the bars, have used the same strain in their discourses at the opening of the sessions of their courts. See, in the debate in the British house of commons on the 21st ult., Mr. Cobden's language touching the rivalry of American manufactures and trade with those of Great Britain. You may hearken when the state of Europe, political and social, comes to be formally and amply discussed in the British parliament. Are there not a few British statesmen who read the hand-writing on the wall?

Translated from the French paper entitled *Le Salut Public*.

**WORKMEN OF PARIS:** An unknown, but friendly voice addresses itself to you; it makes an appeal to the reason of the people—to that instinctive good sense which makes them so quickly discover the truth in everything.

The republic is founded—it has not a single enemy in France;—it cannot, therefore, perish. That there are men among us who do not entirely sympathize with the republic, who can doubt? But why? It is because they dread the violence of such a form of government. Show them a strong, well organized government, giving security and liberty to all, and they will rally round it with eagerness. Can order be reestablished and confidence restored when the public places are in constant agitation? No. And if confidence does not revive what will become of us? We shall be overwhelmed with bankruptcy. If money be hidden, and work ceases, who will suffer the most? Workmen of Paris, it will be you. You would not go to the rich to ask them for money! Honest workmen! you are calumniated by those who thus think of you. Besides, money is not wealth, it is only a sign of it—labor is wealth, for it is labor only which furnishes the means of satisfying all the wants of man. Who will give you work when you have despoiled the wealthy? And if you exhaust the sources of labor who will give bread to your wives and children?

Workmen of Paris, you have conquered; may all honor be yours! But now let us organize our victory. We have at the head of the republic men of heart as well as of talent; men devoted to the cause of the people: let us leave them the care of giving us a government, which no society can do without. Soldiers of liberty! you have conquered it; this part of the glory is sufficiently noble. If liberty was threatened, I would say to you, "Be on your guard, and watch!"—but what being would be so imprudent as to wish society to retrograde? The people would rise again to bring to justice any one who would attempt so insensate a thing. The social question is laid down; it must be decided on, but it must be done amicably. Have perfect confidence in the men of the provisional government; above all, have confidence in the national assembly.

Workmen of Paris, return to your workshops. Do not alarm the inhabitants by walking through the streets, singing tumultuous songs, among which may be mingled cries which might recall former sad days. Commerce will recover its confidence, and money will flow abundantly into both public and private coffers, and the rich, feeling reassured, will not think of deserting Paris, nor withdrawing their funds from circulation. You ask for balls, you ask for fêtes, and you are right; it is necessary that the rich spend, in order that tradesmen may live. But can one dance on the border of a crater, when on all sides is heard the earth cracking under one's feet?

Workmen of Paris, the departments have their eyes upon you—Paris is the head and heart of France. When Paris is agitated the provinces

are anxious; when it becomes calm, confidence returns everywhere. People of Paris, be proud of this strength, but do not abuse it. If you hold in your hands the destinies of the country, think of your responsibility on the page of history.

But let us reassure ourselves. Unfortunate times will not return. The example of our ancestors will not be lost upon us. Our education was made under a constitutional government—the republic is only a purer form of the same government. The revolution of 1830 put the power into the hands of the citizens; that of 1848 carried it up to its source—to the people; that is the progress of the inevitable law of humanity.

If all must emanate from the people, if all must be done for the people, must everything be done exclusively by them? Will not property and capital be an engine to use in the service of the republic? Would you make a new law of suspicion against the rich? Workmen of Paris, those who give you such counsels are mad. Distrust those ambitious men who only flatter the people to raise themselves by means of them. Society is like an immense manufactory: labor must be divided in such a manner that every one may be classed according to his aptitude, in order that the enterprise may succeed. Let the career be opened to all, on one condition, that he who would take part in the direction of public affairs, should render himself capable beforehand. That is the true civil equality—there is no other. Workmen of Paris, believe me; it is a friend who speaks thus: others mislead or deceive you.

23 March, 2 o'clock.

THE *National* has an article on the increase of taxation as applied to the owners of lands and houses. It calls upon the proprietors to pay at once the whole of their tax for the year, instead of availing themselves of the faculty of paying it by instalments. The appeal will probably be responded to by a large portion, not on account of the indirect menace which has been held out to them in certain quarters, but for motives of patriotism, or a sense of the importance of making sacrifices with a view to the reestablishment of public confidence and public credit; but, in the present crisis, there must be an immense number of proprietors who would find it exceedingly difficult to comply with the injunction of the *National*. This journal says:—

Many persons appear to forget that the urgent measures adopted by the government to remedy the financial crisis are only provisional, and by no means definitive. Decried in face of an exceptional state of affairs, they will end at the same time as that situation. It is, therefore, chiefly on the patriotism of the citizens that depend the adoption of measures to shorten the continuance of the embarrassment which has called for extraordinary enactments. In this case private interest is in accordance with patriotism. It is necessary that every one should comprehend and serve the necessities of the present state of affairs, the one in not extending their exigencies beyond the limits of possibility, and the

others, by restoring to labor the capitals, the coöperation which is necessary to production. Once the crisis over, the government may fix the taxes on definite bases, and fix the mechanism of our finances. The payment of the 45c. will, in particular, be suppressed. It is a temporary sacrifice which property ought to make promptly, and which its knowledge of the state of affairs, and its devotedness to the republic impose on it, we doubt not much more than than the decree of the government. Poverty is exposed to many other sacrifices. In a word, it is particularly on the working classes, masters, and workmen, that the crisis weighs, and we cannot comprehend that property should not regard it not only as a duty, but as a kind of privilege to pay, to prevent difficulties, a debt comparatively light. It is not when the workmen, whose very existence is at stake, show such generous self-denial, and spontaneously give their mite to the country, that the rich should complain of having their superfluities infringed on. "We have at the disposal of the provisional government three months of misery," exclaimed a man of the people, with an outburst of enthusiasm. That expression, so touching and so profound, at once summed up and defined the state of things, with all the difficulties and all the duties which it imposed. Let the instinct of sacrifice which so eloquently dictated that devoted expression be in the heart of all, even in the heart of those to whom their fortune renders the sacrifice more easy. But, in our opinion, it is not even enough for them to confine themselves to pay the extraordinary contribution of 45 centimes, and even the whole of their taxes, within the given delay; that would be to remain within the limit of strict obedience to the laws. Circumstances call for more. It is necessary that, in imitation of the initiative taken by some among them, all the proprietors in France voluntarily anticipating the fixed period, should at present bring to the treasury the whole of the sums which they would have to pay during the year. This general movement in favor of the state, made under present circumstances, would be one of the most energetic means that could be employed to restore credit, and prevent disastrous eventualities. Let the landed interest of France think of this; it may coöperate in a result the most desirable at this moment for the country, and that, not by any sacrifice, but by a simple anticipation. It appears to us that they cannot hesitate; its privileged position imposes on it great duties; it will comprehend them we feel confident, and we expect to see them perform it.

The *Constitutionnel* has the following:—

We must submit to the dictatorship of the provisional government. We have several times said that, in many of its acts which go beyond its regular competency, and which under ordinary circumstances would only belong to the legitimate omnipotence of the national assembly, the provisional government is justified by considerations of urgency. Placed moreover at the summit of society, it embraces the ensemble of facts. It can only take its boldest decisions by a majority of voices, and its decrees, prepared after discussion, present themselves under the double guarantee of a deliberation in common, and of the names of their authors. But may not the provisional government understand that its collective dictatorship may concentrate itself in the far from tranquillizing unity of its departmental commissaries? Does it understand that its central dictatorship should be disseminated?



and that it should be multiplied by the number of its general and special commissaries! In the new provisional organization there are more prefects than departments, and we suppose that it has momentarily increased the number of those public functionaries, whilst occupied in reducing the number of functionaries of every other kind. No. It is not possible that it can be wished to install eighty or rather a hundred and some odd, provisional governments charged to exercise, each in its particular limits, a localized national sovereignty. Such, however, appears to be the case.

The *Constitutionnel* then proceeds to mention several acts, and especially some financial interference of the commissaries in some of the departments, which it warmly criticises.

THE National Discount-Bank commenced its operations on Monday. Already 600 accounts are opened, and there are 800 more applications to be decided upon. On Monday bills to the amount of nearly 1,000,000fr. were discounted, and yesterday to upwards 1,200,000fr.

The *Presse* of yesterday contained an announcement from M. Goupil, agent de change, that one of his clients, who wished his name to be kept secret, having received a quantity of silver in bars, had had it coined, and had authorized M. Goupil to give it without any charge in exchange for 500fr. notes, up to an amount of two hundred thousand francs. In consequence of this announcement, persons wishing to obtain specie applied to M. Goupil, at his residence in the Rue Taitbout, and received change for their notes without the slightest deduction being made.

At a meeting of the money-changers of Paris, held yesterday, it was resolved that in order to keep up the circulation of specie, they will give a premium of 2fr. 50c. for every 1,000fr. paid to them in specie, and will not require more than 5fr. for every 1,000fr. given by them in exchange for notes.

THE minister of marine has addressed a circular to the prefects and maritime commandants, stating that as the delegates of several ports have made inquiries whether the vessels generally engaged in the cod-fishery in the latitudes of Newfoundland and Iceland could proceed to their destination as usual, he thinks it right to state that as there appears not to be the slightest chance of peace being interrupted, they may set sail for the season's fishing without hesitation.

ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—*Sitting of March 20.*—Babinet made some observations on the total eclipse of the moon which took place on the evening of the 19th. They were chiefly confined to the red appearance of the moon on that occasion, which he stated arose from the rays of light penetrating the earth's shadow.—M. Becquerel presented, in the name of MM. Brunel, Bisson, and Gauguin, some fine specimens of metallic objects bronzed by a new galvanic process.—M. Combes made a report on a paper by MM. Poncelet and Piobert, relative to the vicious construction of rail-

road carriages, and the means of remedy. On the present system there is a friction upon the rails, which these gentlemen propose to obviate by a different mode of attaching the guide. The reporter declared that the recommendation was worthy of trial, and proposed that the thanks of the Academy should be voted to the inventors. The proposition was adopted.—A report was made by MM. Chevreul, Dumas, and Flourens, relative to some experiments made by them to ascertain whether M. Gannal, who has declared that he does not employ arsenic in his process of embalment, really does not make use of that substance. They stated that they had discovered a very minute portion of arsenic in the composition, but that they attribute its presence to some tests which were used, and attach credit to the assertion of M. Gannal.—Several communications on chemistry were read, but they were without general interest.

THE bill brought in by the Belgian minister of finance, to make the notes of the Belgian Bank a legal tender, passed the chamber of representatives the same day, though not without some curious discussion.

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

THE CZAR, HIS COURT AND HIS PEOPLE. New York. Baker & Scribner.

WE have read this instructive and interesting volume. It is the production of a young townsman, a son of Hugh Maxwell, Esq., who passed some time in Russia in an official capacity, and travelled over a considerable extent of the empire, taking the ancient capital, Moscow, in his way. The descriptive portions proper—those which relate to the aspect of the country, the dress and style of living of the people, their industrial pursuits, and the like—are marked by intelligent observation; but the writer's chief attention was given to the social and political condition of the Russians, which he represents in anything but a promising or agreeable light. We have seldom read a clearer or more impressive exposition of the fatal tendencies of despotism, in its operation on the wielder as well as the subjects. According to Mr. Maxwell's showing, the emperor passes—or, rather, wastes—his life in a perpetual struggle between natural dispositions and generous qualities, and the shifting, grinding, harassing exigencies of his political system—expending vast energies either to no practical result or in a wrong direction. Corruption is universal, deception and imposture, in a thousand forms, pervade the whole fabric of Russian government, in all its departments. Yet the capabilities of the people are wonderful; and wondrous will no doubt be their performance, when the elevating power of liberty shall at last have sway among them, as in Heaven's good time it doubtless will. Until then Russia will continue to be a phenomenon among nations—perhaps become a terror and a scourge.

CHILDREN OF THE NEW FOREST. By Captain Marryat. New York. Harper & Brothers.

A new work, primarily intended for the young, which is said to be equal to anything the author has written. The period of the story is that of the Protectorate and Charles I.

**PROSPECTUS.**—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenaeum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say indispensable, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

**TERMS.**—The *LIVING AGE* is published every Saturday, by E. LITTELL & Co., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts., Boston; Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. To insure regularity in mailing the work, orders should be addressed to the office of publication, as above.

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**Agencies.**—We are desirous of making arrangements in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

**Postage.**—When sent with the cover on, the *Living Age* consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4½ cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (1½ cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

**Monthly parts.**—For such as prefer it in that form, the *Living Age* is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The volumes are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

Or all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.